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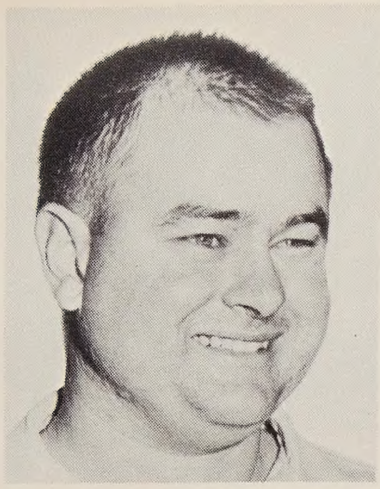

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RAILROAD MAGAZINE

Adventurous Railroading and Rail Hobbies—Founded 1906

VOL. 82, No. 2 DECEMBER, 1967 50 CENTS

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Mercury vapor floodlights look starlike, illuminating the power switches at mile-long Bowden classification yard of Florida East Coast Ry. in Jacksonville.
Wide-Lite Corp. Photo

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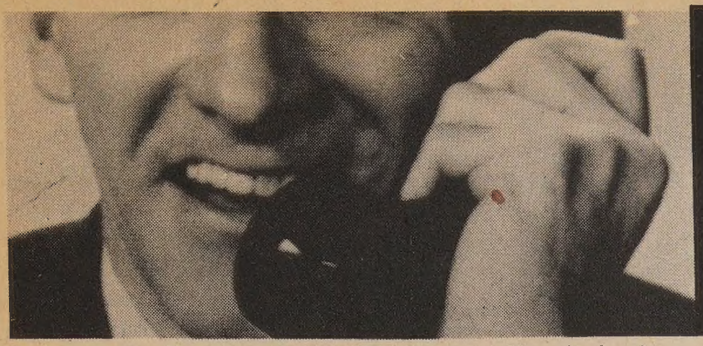

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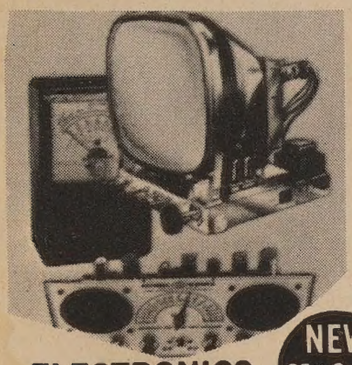

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THE MAIL CAR

where editors and readers meet

OUR cover picture was made by Edward N. Turner in Jan. '64 at the time of one of the heaviest snows Arkansas has had in recent years. It shows Reader Railroad train No. 1 at the Waterloo, Ark., depot, its engine having been run around the wye and her pilot pointed back to Reader, Ark., thus making it train No. 2. This photo was taken right after the road's newly acquired tender (ex-Kansas City Southern and ex-Louisana & Arkansas) had been placed behind engine 11 and before the management had time to paint a name on the tender. Nos. 1 and 2 are the continent's only regularly scheduled mixed trains drawn exclusively by steam. They operate daily all year around between Waterloo and Reader, where they connect with the Missouri Pacific. Refreshments, films, etc., are sold on trains and at both terminals.

Ed Turner is the road's sales manager, his address being Reader Rural Station, Chidester, Ark. He is also an ordained Baptist minister, the paster of a church near El Dorado, Ark., and runs a wood-treating plant at Reader, keeps bees, sells honey, and dabbles in photography. He joins Tom Long, president and general manager of the 23.5-mile steam railroad, in inviting fans to "Come down this way and hear the train blow" ●

TOMBSTONE shaped like a caboose at Uhrichsville, Ohio, (photo on page 17) has an interesting history. "Little did I realize, when taking pictures of the gravestone of Charles E. Witting, that he was distantly related to my wife," writes David E. Owens, 1024 11th St., N.W., New Philadelphia, Ohio 44663.

"He worked on the Pennsy's Panhandle Division as a skipper but met death while flagging for another conductor, H. C. Evans. Near Tyndall tower just west of Coshocton, Ohio, their train broke in two. At that time its only air brakes were on the engine. The engineer was N. K. Bobb, the fireman Les Lytle. Witting had just got off the caboose when it toppled over, crushing him to death. Two sons survived him. Both were retired Pennsy enginemen. One of them, William, who died last summer, left a widow who was my wife's second cousin."

Our correspondent was a Wheeling & Lake Erie crew dispatcher prior to World War I and later became a Pennsy brakeman. ●

BIG RUBY, the subject of a nude painting displayed at Gunnison, Colo., was described in Gilbert A. Lathrop's "Railroad Saloon" (Sept. issue) as "a dame at Irish Annie's place, a red-light district just across the alley." Mrs. Sam Mandle, now living at 5242 Hyde Park Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 60615, writes that 60-odd years ago when she was a little girl growing up in Lake City, Colo., that city also had a "house" run by Irish Annie, evidently the same person. Such items help to confirm the authenticity of material we publish. For next month we have lined up another oldtime true tale, "Down by the Depot." ●

THE *AEROTRAIN*, Jean Bertin's experimental form of passenger transportation in France, is now a success. For the past two years it has carried a total of 3,800 passengers over 4.2 miles of specially-built track between Gometz and Limours, Paris suburbs, averaging 130 miles per hour and on one trip, equipped with a booster, attaining a top speed of 188 mph! The French Government, delighted with its record, will finance a 60-mile run between Orleans and Paris with seats for 80 passengers each way, at a cruising speed announced to be 200 mph, beginning some time next year.

Instead of riding on wheels, the *Aerotrain* travels on controlled air cusions produced by two of its engines. These air cushions are blown through huge 'lips' onto its strange, reinforced-concrete monorail, shaped like an inverted T. The cushions make the vehicle float over the rail without friction. Foward motion comes from a 250-mile-per-hour standard aircraft engine mounted with a three-bladed constant-speed propeller. ●

MAIL-SORTING railroad cars, once a key to America's postal system, are losing ground rapidly. Such cars formerly were in use on 10,000 trains in all parts of the nation. Clerks sorted mail as the trains rolled along. Now, the number of cars is down to 800—a drop of about 2,500 in less than 15 years.

Beginning September 16th, first class mail moving east or west among a number of major cities has been traveling bulk shipments by air instead of by rail. Since 1948 the volume of mail has doubled to about 80 billion pieces a year. At the same time the number of trains available for postal use has been drastically reduced.

Northern Pacific has asked the ICC and state regulatory commissions for permission to discontinue one of its two transcontinental trains, the *Mainstreeter*, between Fargo, S.D., and Seattle, Wash. Blame the Post Office Department for this. The recent decision to stop using railway mail cars costs the NP an estimated loss of $1,180,000 annually.

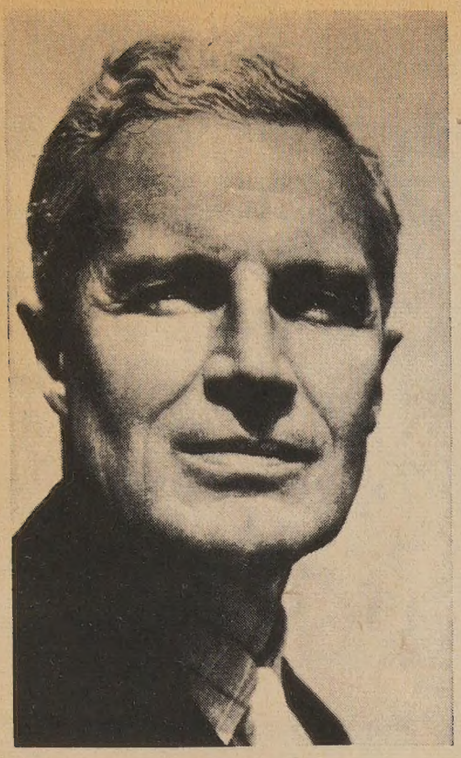
Also on the dark side of the passenger-train picture is news that a Federal court has granted the Pennsy authority to drop trains 570 and 571, both operating between Buffalo, N.Y., and Washington, D.C. Both trains were cancelled promptly. ICC permission had been received before the case was appealed to a Federal court.

A warning that much of America's remaining rail passenger service faces extinction in the near future unless Federal control over train discontinuances is strengthened was given by Anthony Haswell to a Senate committee considering several bills aimed at maintaining essential passenger service. Haswell, a Chicago attorney who has played a major role in fighting the erosion of rail passenger service, is executive director of the National Association of Railroad Passengers, a non-profit corporation headquartered at 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The NARP points out that although a pig can be shipped by train from any station in the U.S. to any other station on the nation's 212,000 miles of railroads without changing trains, a human passenger can ride over only 78,000 of those miles! NARP is seeking more members to help its fight for rail passenger service. Membership costs $5, contributing membership $10, and sustaining membership $100 or more. ●

ENGINE DISPATCHER, our September fiction story, recalled to John Hollner, 12 DeVoe Drive, Albany, N.Y. 12205, some of his own experiences in dispatching engine and train crews for the Boston & Albany out of Selkirk and Albany.

"Last February," he writes, "when the Boston & Maine had a derailment in Hoosac Tunnel, Mass., that road ran a train over the B&A, the Delaware & Hudson, and the Green Mountain Ry. It didn't take long for B&M trains to accumulate at Selkirk while awaiting crews or power to run them. This was complicated by construction work in the new Alfred E. Perlman yard, where much trackage had been taken out of service. We were getting trains from the D&H, which would ordinarily turn over to the B&M at Mechanicville, N.Y., as well as B&M trains out of Mechanicville. We were also using D&H's 5000 series units, which worked fine over the Berkshires on their first trip but not so well on the next, nor the one after that. Meanwhile, not only B&M but also regular B&A, Hudson, River, and Mohawk division trains of the New York Central were tying Selkirk into a big knot that kept the phones and myself busy for a couple of days. It also gave my friends and me a chance to photograph diesel power on 'foreign' territory.



I'd like to give this to my fellow men...

while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my summer home, my Cadillacs, my winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things, of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish!* And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned!* I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows." It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own." It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turning out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest $15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON
1512 Jarvis Ave., Suite M-7-MT
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60626

"Last August 28th I spent the afternoon photographing our BA-10. When I went to work the next afternoon, I learned that the same engine had been derailed east of Chatham, N.Y., and all our trains had to run via Mechanicville to Springfield over the B&M. Since many of my crews were on the road trying to return to Selkirk, covering all the jobs with our limited extra lists was difficult. When I couldn't dig up a second brakeman to relieve the steam crane working on the east end of the wreck, I went out and covered the job myself. Just about the time I arrived, even the crane was derailed. Our crew tried rerailing it but to no avail; it only became worse, and we finally wound up taking the wrecking train back home minus the big hook. Another crane had to rerail it after the track was reopened." ●

OVERSEAS. British Railways are experimenting with a jet-propelled train. Scientists are equipping the four-car train with Dart Aero gas-turbine engines made by Rolls-Royce that can whip up speeds of more than 150 miles per hour.

From Indonesia comes word that the state-run railway in South Sumatra now is running trains with specially equipped cars for newlyweds. A rail official said, "Now the couples can enjoy their honeymoon all day and night long on swiftly running trains."

In the first eight months of this year, 57 Italians were injured by drinkers throwing bottles from trains. So the Italian government is asking manufacturers to make plastic bottles.

Fifty rubber corsets lost by a passenger on a British Railways train and never claimed were sold at auction in London the other day. BR had kept the corsets for six months and said it could not keep them any longer. The same went for 500 pounds of manure that some passenger forgot.

One of Ireland's few train wrecks in recent years occurred recently at Limerick Junction when the fast Cork-Dublin freight train, which was not due to stop at the junction, crashed into the Limerick-Dublin freight, derailing 3 locos and 43 cars but not injuring any crew member, reports Arthur Hughes, 87 Botonic Rd., Glasnevin, Dublin 9, Eire. ●

ILLINOIS CENTRAL, unlike most U.S. railroads, is really going after passenger business. It recently acquired six dome cars from the Missouri Pacific and added them to its streamliners, the Chicago-New Orleans *City of New Orleans* and the Chicago-Florida *City of Miami.* Each car seats 20 in the dome and 40 below.

The IC also announces a sweeping plan designed to improve its much-criticized Chicago commuter service by 1970. Named CAP, for Commuter Advancement Program, the plan has four features: Cutting the number of in-city stations, simplifying the fare structure, coordinating services with the Chicago Transit Authority and acquiring some $36 million of new equipment with the help of $24 million in Federal grants.

Except for the addition of Federal funds, the plan resembles one undertaken a decade ago by the Chicago & North Western. Benefits of that program have lifted the North Western's commuter operation out of the red and made it highly profitable.

The IC's equipment-acquisition program involves establishment of a new mass transit district including 13 suburban communities south of Chicago. The agency, to be named the South Suburban Transit Authority, would acquire new electric double-decked air-conditioned cars to replace the line's 41-year-old fleet.

And in New Jersey the state has committed itself to an $80 million subsidy and capital improvements for commuter operations of the Erie-Lackawanna over the next five years. David J. Goldberg, state Transportation Commissioner, says an agreement was made with the railroad guaranteeing to operate its suburban passenger trains until at least June 30, 1972, with the state picking up any financial losses.

The contract also assures a long-term improvements in equipment and facilities, to be financed by the state. It commits the state to buy 255 new cars over the next five years besides subsidizing passenger losses. The program envisages Federal matching funds. ●

BRIEFLY SPEAKING. The bankrupt New Haven Railroad has been offered a $25-million loan that should permit it to keep its trains running for three years more, or longer. The loan would be made to the carrier's trustees by the New York Central and Pennsylvania railroads, subject to approval by the ICC.

Pennsy's and Central's reason for offering the loan is to avoid having to lease the bankrupt New Haven pending its merger into a consolidated Pennsylvania-Central system.

"I hope your magazine will pull itself more out of the past and more into the present and future," writes James Reid, 4584 Brentlawn Drive, North Burnaby, B.C., Canada.

The Delaware & Hudson, according to chairman Frederick C. Dumaine, Jr., is considering an "alternative" to joining the Norfolk & Western, into which it would like to be merged, that alternative being to make the D&H part of a long-proposed New England rail system. Says he, "There's money to be made in such a system."

"Since the Texas & Pacific abandoned passenger service, we are still served by the Santa Fe's California Special," writes Lt. Tom Hoffmann, Box 3528, Dyess AFB, Abilene, Texas. "This train runs from Dallas, Fort Worth, and Houston to Brownwood; then on to Clovis, N.M., where through sleepers and coaches are forwarded to California on the *San Francisco Chief.*"

The Kansas City Southern is now laying rail and ballasting the track at Fisher, La., for the Boise Cascade Corp., formerly Louisiana Long Leaf Pine; and after this job is done, woodburner No. 7 will end its 60 years of service, reports Harvey Angier, retired Southern Pacific hogger.

Mike Bullard parked his automobile at an Augusta, Ga. railroad station and took a 150-mile train trip to Atlanta. But his car arrived first. Police said the auto was stolen in Augusta and driven by the thief to the Atlanta area.

Not even freight trains escape Salt Lake City traffic speed limits.

Wallace Rosander, a Denver and Rio Grande Western engineer, was charged in municipal court with operating a locomotive 35 miles an hour in a 25-mph zone. The tracks run down the middle of a city street.

Illinois Central has landed its first customer for its proposed unique "rent-a-train" plan. Cargill Inc., a big domestic and export grain handling and processing concern, said it plans to build 3 giant grain terminals in east central Illinois to take advantage of the IC's proposed rate-making innovation.

Our best wishes to *Canadian Railwayman,* successor to the Canadian edition of *Labor,* the weekly which is published jointly by 18 rail labor unions at Washington, D.C. The new paper is a bi-lingual tabloid, priced at $2 a year, published at 1010 St. Catherine St. W., Dominion Sq. Bldg., Room 514, Montreal 2, Que., Canada.

Jane Darwell, Academy Award winning film actress, who died the other day at age 87, was born Patricia Woodward, the daughter of W. R. Woodward, who built the Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Railway and later became president of the Louisville & Nashville, reports Bryant C. Smith, Jr.

Two 1968 railroad calendars, each a two-color job opening to 10x17" and selling for $1.98, are offered by Wayner Publications, P.O. Box 871, Ansonia

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Station, New York, N.Y. 10023. One combines Pennsy and New York Central steam and diesel pix; the other features "Great Trains of the South." They will be mailed by Jan. 1st.

The old companies in Buffalo, N.Y., are teaming up for the first time to produce two of the largest wooden-tank railroad cars ever made, and they're looking forward to producing more of them. The first car is nearing completion on the rail siding of Arrow Tank Co. Inc. Built "from the rails up" at Morrison Railway Supply Co.'s shops, it has a wood tank for carrying vinegar—a sort of silo-shaped barrel—using a modern adaptation of the age-old craft of coopering.

Relocated and rebuilt after serving commuters since the 1880's, a little red railroad station is now a museum. On the condition that the Wantagh Preservation Society, Box 132, Wantagh, Long Island, N.Y. 11793, find a site within six weeks, the Long Island Rail Road donated the station, moved it, and laid a section of track in front, all free of charge. The society found a place in an area only a few blocks from the building's original location. Volunteer workers did all work on the project. When completed, the museum will provide local history and shop and garden instruction for youth groups.

This year, it might be a good idea to buy yourself a Christmas present. For example, a new book, *Steam in the 60's,* and two LP rail sound recordings are available as a set for $16.95 from Mobile Fidelity Records, P.O. Box 336, Burbank, Calif. 91503. The book alone can be had for $10, the records, $5 each. Authored by Ron Ziel and George Foster, the book is illustrated with 250 photos, 8 in full color, by various photographers. It covers recent and present steam operations in North America.

Another Xmas idea is railroad greeting cards, painted by John Rogers and printed by American Artists Group. For sample write 2107 Renfrew, Ave., Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

"Harry M. Githens, Salem, N.J., who retired in 1957 after 56 years of engine service on the West Jersey & Seashore and the Pennsylvania-Reading Seashore Lines, and is still hale and hardy at age 83, ran just about every engine listed in Martin Flattley's 1915 roster (Aug. issue) and can tell you which ones were good steamers," writes J. A. Undy, R. D., Box 264, Penns Grove, N. J. ●

BIBLES. Some time ago we ran an item about Bibles on American trains. We said that as far as we know, no trains today observe this practice. Derek Chaplin, of 40 Wetlands Lane, Portishead, Bristol, England, writes that British trains do not carry Bibles either, but that at stations of the old Taff Vale Ry. in South Wales they are available in waiting stations. In some places the Good Book is kept by the stationmaster as a precaution against vandalism, but can be read on request. This service was begun when a sum of money was left to provide each station with such reading matter. Originally most Bibles on that line were in the Welsh language, but new replacement are in English. ●

Burlington *Morning Zephyr* was picking up speed after the climb from St. Paul Union Station and roaring past a transfer run on the main line of the Great Northern's Twin Cities Division. Further details in anonymous item below.

FOR YEARS the Burlington turned around its *Morning Zephyr,* train 21, at Minneapolis, serviced it, and sent the equipment on its way as the *Afternoon Zephyr,* train 24, all in a half-hour! Operating timetables variously allowed from 25 to 45 minutes for this move but the typical timetable called for 30 minutes. It may have been the fastest turn-around of passenger equipment in North America and was most interesting to watch when 21 arrived at Minneapolis late. Even the normal wye operation, however, had its dramatic moments. This letter comes from someone who also sent us pictures but forgot to tell us his name or address.

"As a witness of this phenomenon of Q ingenuity many times over," our correspondent writes, "I recall vividly the thrill of visits to the *Zephyrs,* even though Q 21 no longer becomes Q 24. Later, it was strange to see Q 24 depart with its parlor car 'riding backward' up against the baggage car and only two coaches hung on behind and to watch Q 21 arrive shortly thereafter in the same sad state of arrangement.

"Photos taken at various times when I was there help me to re-live the rapid turn-around that is no more. One picture, made when the rush was on, shows the diesel being refueled and serviced, the cars as they were being washed outside and cleaned inside and the lounge and diner stocks replenished, and the completion of preventive maintenance and inspections. It is hard to believe all this was done in about 15 minutes. On rare occasions even wheels were changed; but this took more time, so 24 would be 'a little late' leaving Minneapolis. Fantastic? Yes, indeed!

"Another photo, taken at 3:55 p.m., shows the *Zephyr,* now train 24, leaving the coach yard for the station. Five minutes later it started its journey to Chicago (6 hours, 45 minutes) with a trainload of passengers probably unaware of all that had taken place in the preceding 30 minutes. Who dares to say there was no romance in passenger train movements? There was, to be sure, in years past, when 21 became 24 during 30 minutes of railroad operation that was exciting alike to Alex Johnson, coach yard foreman, who supervised it, and a young boy (myself) standing by as a spectator." ●

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Keep Your Old Job, Work Spare Time Until You Switch To Your New Career

Only 15 minutes reading a day puts you on the high road to success as an Accident Investigator. Many men get their diplomas in a matter of weeks! (We give you FREE Employment Help through our NATION-WIDE PLACEMENT SERVICE; we also show you how to start an investigating business of your own at home.) Companies with job openings for salaried men or independent investigators are making good use of our monthly graduate list.

There are many valuable fringe benefits offered Accident Investigators, such as retirement pension plans, family medical and surgical care and paid vacations that are practically unheard of in many other kinds of businesses.

If You Prefer to Operate a Business of Your Own

Even with all the company benefits given Accident Investigators some men prefer to operate their own business. No matter how ideal the job, they want to be "on their own."

There are few greater opportunities to do this today than those open to you in the field of Accident Investigating. You can even start with your own home as your headquarters. You have no office rent to pay—almost no overhead. Your chief expense is the investment of a few dollars for stationery, business cards and office record sheets. You can even start in your spare time – keeping your regular job until the day arrives when your spare time income is more than the amount of your present pay.

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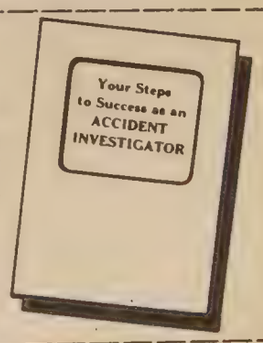

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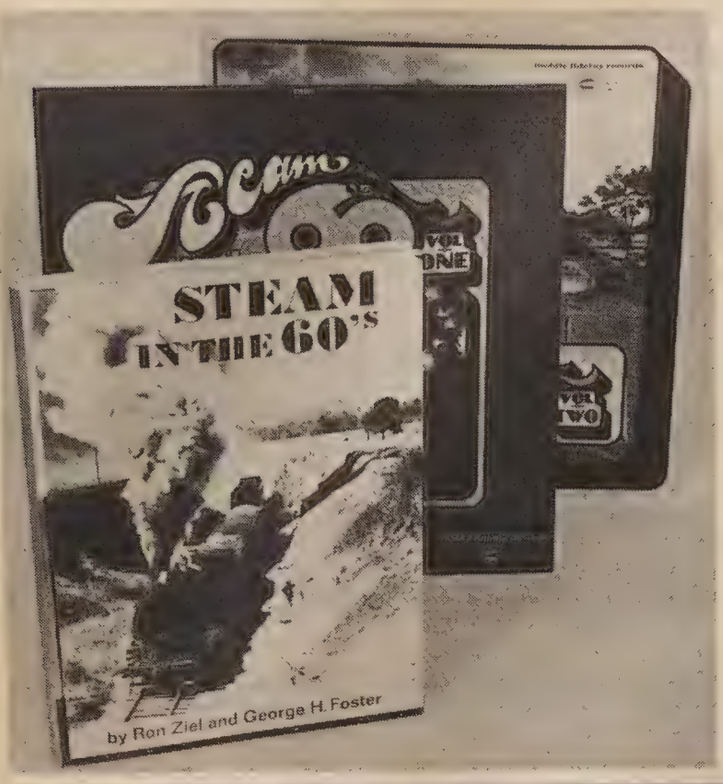

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Photographs of the Month

Conductor C. W. White looks over brand new Southern Pacific roadbed from caboose as cutoff dedication train heads south from Palmdale, Calif., to Colton.
Southern Pacific Photo

Wouldn't be Christmas without decorations in the great lobby at Louisville's Union Station. Other holiday attractions there include singing by local choral groups and familiar yuletide carols played over the PA system.
Photo from Louisville & Nashville Railroad

Emerson S. Lucas 320 Brooks St., Ft. Walton Beach, Fla.
This locomotive was photographed in full plumage so rarely seen today.

This is the Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. diesel shop in Russell, Kentucky.
Chesapeake & Ohio

Roger Arcara, 2405 Marion Ave., New York, N.Y.

Railfannette Louise Heimburger, Tolono, Ill. 61880, is a Denver school teacher and an active member of SPUR. Here she rides on a SPUR float in Champaign, Ill., parade.

Steel-sheathed private car of August Belmont, financier of New York City's first (IRT) subway, now on display at Adirondack Museum, Blue Mt. Lake, N.Y.

Despite a great many protests, ICC allowed Burlington Railroad to discontinue trains 33 (shown here) and 34 on July 7, 1967. The trains, handling mostly mail, ran only during the hours of darkness, between Alliance, Nebraska, and Denver, Colorado. Removal of the mail contract was the death blow for these runs. This photo was taken July 3rd, four days before the end.

Jim C. Seacrest, 2101 Birchwood Rd., North Platte, Neb. 69101

Another of the great night shots, this one of the Reading, by Bud Rothaar, 757 Pierrepont Street, Rahway, N.J. 07055.

This gravestone caboose is a fitting monument to Pennsy conductor, Charles Witting, who was killed when his caboose derailed and toppled on him. The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen donated the traditional "broken wheel," symbol of death, in the foreground. See story in "Mail Car" department.

The Jamaica Railway Society loaned their Canadian built, 4-8-0 engine, No. 54, to M-G-M earlier this year for use in the film, "Dark of the Sun," starring Rod Taylor and Jim Brown. Most of the action takes place in and around the train. A sister loco, which was doomed for the scrap heap anyway, is wrecked in the movie. No. 54 is now back to hauling railfan excursions.
Photo by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

New Orleans, La., is one of our country's loveliest cities, as can be seen in these views of the French Quarter, and is also a major international shipping center.
Chamber of Commerce of the New Orleans Area

New Orleans City-Owned Railroad

by Elliott Kahn

ALTHOUGH the New Orleans Public Belt Railroad is one of two railroads owned by the municipality and its switchers have been scooting around for 62 years, it is virtually unknown to rail buffs. It serves the city's main docking area, which the State of Louisiana operates, and about 230 industrial firms.

Connecting with 8 trunk-line roads, the 41 miles of main stem extend from the west side of the Huey P. Long bridge, which spans the Mississippi at Avondale, run eastward across the great river into New Orleans, then to the east side of the Industrial Canal (part of the Inter-Coastal Canal system), and finally reaches the broad, shallow water of Lake Pontchartrain. This railroad is currently using 15 locomotives, all diesels, and some 163 miles of track.

New Orleans got into the railroad business simply because the city's common-carrier lines could not clear up the almost blockaded port. The area gained importance years ago as a place where river ships loaded their cargos into ocean vessels. The first local railroad there, the Ponchartrain, mostly a passenger hauler, was opened with a gala fete in 1832. At first it ran along Elysian Fields Avenue but not down to the river's edge. Then as now, New Orleans got considerable rain and the Pontchartrain customers often found it hard to reach the station at St. Claude and Elysian Fields avenues, as the streets were gumbo mud and frequently under water.

After a few years the line was extended not only to the river but westward to the main business area, across the principal thoroughfare, Canal Street, where a new station was erected, and then further west to Julia Street, where the road built an enginehouse and new yards. Eventually additional lines entered the main part of the city on the Mississippi's east bank, but these were largely freight carriers built up to the wharves.

Coffee is loaded in piggyback trailers, bananas in refrigerator cars, at huge New Orleans warehouses.
Hedrich-Blessing for Illinois Central Railroad

Incoming ships usually cast anchor around the center of the city. It wasn't long before no ground remained for a new rail line, and outlying docks began to crop up. As railroads grew in importance, river transportation diminished. This increased the traffic jams. More and more new railroads entered the old city, and prices rose sharply for what little land remained available. The Louisville & Nashville took care of its own needs by buying the Ponchartrain Railroad, leaving weak shortlines out in the cold.

Each company that laid rails to the riverfront apparently gave no thought to traffic interchange. As a result, the busy port was carved up by short stretches of track leading to the Mississippi and at right angles to it. Most rail lines in that vicinity eventually became part of the Illinois Central system.

Merchant ships faced quite a dilemma. Their cargos, as a rule, were destined to many places and over several rail lines. They often found it easier to navigate from dock to dock rather than depend upon a highway or rail vehicle to deliver their merchandise to a rail interchange. In course of time the river-and-ocean port became so badly clogged with ships and rail cars that something had to be done about it.

The "something" was the State Legislature's passage in 1904 of an act setting up a New Orleans Dock Board to take over, operate, and maintain most of the city's main docks for export-import trade, and a local railroad, operated by the city to serve the docks with equal treatment for all originating carriers.

Construction of the Public Belt started in 1905 with a leased Illinois Central steam locomotive. Existing and fresh trackage were combined into a new continuous line alongside the river docks. By 1908 the company was in business with 20 miles of track and a new 0-6-0 acquired in 1906. Baldwin built this engine, like every one the road would buy in the following 50 years. The lengthened line served all wharves on the river's eastern bank—except, strangely enough, the "Government docks," located some distance upriver (between Louisiana and Napoleon avenues), which remained Illinois Central property and were handled only by the IC.

This new facility cleared up the port's strangulation in record time. The line cost only $487,000; today its value exceeds $20 million. Every extension and improvement since 1908 has come from earnings—at no cost to the taxpayers!

By 1910 the port's booming business, due in large part to the Public Belt's efficiency, brought about the lengthening of company tracks to reach all but two of the common-carrier lines that entered New Orleans as well as the purchase of four more steam engines. As years passed, the company continued to grow and new industrial districts sprang up, some of them served by Public Belt track extensions.

State construction of the new Mississippi bridge in the 1930's was responsible for the road's only line outside the city limits. As it had been thought originally that the Public Belt would operate over that bridge, the road acquired in 1937 its first new locomotive in over 16 years—also its first diesels, 900-hp Baldwin models, designed also to run in multiple units. As it turned out, nearly all trains ran over the bridge via trackage rights rather than behind Public Belt power, but the Belt still maintained the track. The line's last major extension came in the 1950's when a single-track (most of the Public Belt is double track) extension was made on the Industrial Canal's east side in a new industrial area. A west-side line had existed for some time.

Despite the unsavory politics which ruled the Louisiana scene for many years, the Public Belt has always been in the hands of competent and presumably honest railroad men, with little or no interference from politicians. Recently, however, Public Belt has been sharply criticized. The local press claims that increased rates and "gross inefficiency" are driving business to other ports. But from what your author could see, based on years of having lived in New Orleans, these criticisms are more calculated to sell newspapers than to report facts. It is true, though, that like the old gray mare, the Public Belt Railroad "aint what she usta be many long years ago."

As the *Times-Picayune* points out, the Belt Line's 137,000 loaded cars last year represented a drop of almost 75,000 from what the line handled just a few years back. Ninety percent of the Belt's traffic comes from connecting railroads or else is destined for points on them. For such service the Belt charges a flat switching charge, regardless of the merchandise involved or size of freight car. This charge is $20.78 a carload, of which the trunk-line carrier pays $15.81. The smaller figure was the old rate before last year's increase went into effect. Most people seem to forget that freight cars are constantly becoming larger, often jumbo size, and that while tonnage may even rise, the number of cars could fall. Also, piggyback bypasses the Public Belt charge, as such loads are taken off their arriving flatcars and moved to the port by highway. There is not much the Public Belt could do about it. Present trends make the problem more acute.

Critics note also that much of the traffic increase through what is called the Port of New Orleans is actually

through new facilities neither located in the city nor owned by the Dock Board. Two of the biggest new facilities are little more than anchorage stations in the river where ships are loaded by a pipeline from the shore. These setups handle only one commodity, grain. Located 25 miles upstream at Destrehan, out of the high-cost land area and free from city taxes, each one of these new grain elevators rivals in size the public elevators served by the Belt's own 450-car yard uptown.

Of course, they don't have to pay anything to Public Belt, but both the Bunge Corp. and the St. Charles Grain Co. have their own industrial railroad and locomotives to maintain and operate. They don't have to use Public Belt crews nor submit to ICC locomotive inspection. Both use two-men crews and small diesels costing far less to run than Public Belt's. Unfortunately, under the present archaic laws and labor agreements, a line like the Public Belt can never compete with an operation the size of these two that run almost like conveyor belts.

Public Belt's shops on Tchoupatoulas Street are up-to-date and well equipped to overhaul locomotives. From time to time other firms also have had power repaired there. Besides a six-stall roundhouse, you can see an adjoining backshop with three bays. In steam days the line owned only cap-stacked 0-6-0's, the last of which operated until 1955. At present it has 18 diesels, three of them retired. No. 33, outshopped in 1937, is probably the most ancient diesel operating in the entire South.

Most switching crews begin their runs from the shops, but five units tie up at Clairborne Street yard. The latter include the only non-Baldwin engines, two General Motors SW-1200's. Clairborne marshaling yard is close to nearly all of the originating freight on the line that also completes its run on Public Belt tracks and is also the storage spot for the bulk of the company's cars.

New Orleans Public Belt No. 41 is a 660 hp diesel, built by Baldwin in 1942.
Elliott Kahn, 75-48 183rd St., Flushing, N.Y. 11366

You can find another Belt yard just west of the engine shops, at Nashville Avenue along the riverfront and extending to the public grain elevator, which Public Belt serves exclusively. There is still another along the eastern approaches to the Huey P. Long bridge in Jefferson Parish (county). This last one serves as an interchange reception yard for traffic to and from the various industries switched by the Belt at that point. The Southern Pacific also uses it for connections in the area.

Most trains over the bridge are operated by the SP, the Missouri Pacific, the Texas & Pacific, or the TP-MPT, using the Belt's line under trackage rights. The SP leaves New Orleans Public Belt's tracks at East Bridge Junction for some freight runs and for all passenger runs connecting with the New Orleans Terminal (Southern system). At least one train a day rolls over the Belt Line to Canal Street in downtown New Orleans. There it connects with its own short piece of track serving the riverside industries. This line happens to be the SP's most eastern thrust.

All MP-T&P system trains, except passenger runs which leave also at East Bridge Junction, continue over the Belt until they reach Thalia Street yards, a ride of some 15 miles over Public Belt track. About five mornings a week a Public Belt switcher crosses the bridge to Avondale with cars to interchange mostly with the SP or T&P, and picks up any loads coming its way. This round trip is the line's only train that regularly uses a caboose, sort of a toolhouse-on-a-flatcar. All other switching cuts have a man riding a car top or perhaps at the end sill on a coupler.

Service is on a 24-hour basis, but the trains move largely in daylight or early evening. Normally the switchers serviced and kept at the Claiborne Street yards run only five days a week, seldom after 4 p.m. Usually two engines are always in the backshops while three or four are being refueled or serviced. This means four or five engines out switching along the riverfront most of the time. At a point like Canal Street probably a dozen or more switching units or light engines will pass on a daily average.

The engines, black with silver and red trim, ordinarily are kept quite clean. Given half a chance, they should run many years more over the city-owned Belt Line. ●

Bureau of New Orleans News

Much cotton is handled on Port of New Orlean's 50 miles of harbor frontage.

Nostalgia

Your editor has picked out samples of creative writing, the kind he likes to publish, from some of our old issues.

NEW rails are gleaming in the Northern sun. The "buildingest" system, Canadian National, is at it again, thrusting the steel of seven new branch lines into vast stretches of virginal wilderness which never before saw a train or any kind of vehicle but a dog-sled. With all of the high adventure and excitement thrown in, and the occasional friendly smile of a native girl to ease the loneliness of men-away-from-women, the job of building new branch lines on the Canadian National system is grueling hard work. But it's never dull. —*Charles M. Wilson*

Dear to the hearts of boomers of long ago were the beanery queens. Harvey House girls on the Santa Fe system were especially popular, like these at Syracuse, Kan.
Fred Harvey, East Jack Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

YEARS moved along for me on flat wheels. The life of a boomer was one that only a bred-in-the-bone railroader could love. Between 1898 and 1903, when the railroads were growing fast, little thought was given to the men who dragged freights over the long divisions, working without rest. Starvation cast its shadow ahead of the pay-car. Men would eye old soup bones as a gift from heaven.

Boomer? Oh, yes—romance, adventure, the lure of what was around the corner, over the hill. A boomer saw new faces and towns, but master mechanics' clerks laughed at you and home guards stuck up their noses. The few greasy bills or hard money that the pay-car handed out were far from adequate compensation for the long hours and aching bones.

Our real pay was the call of the rail, two short whistle blasts of a train leaving town. Two short blasts by some fat hoghead in a freight engine would make a boomer postpone a bath or leave his beer half drunk or his lady waiting at the church.—*James B. Relyea*

A PANCAKE of wet snow plastered against a red signal light. An engineer in his cab at night misinterpreting a white lantern hung on a crossing gate. A glass lens in a semaphore arm becoming loose and falling out of its socket. Little incidents like these led to disastrous train wrecks and eventually shifted the colors in the standard signal code.

You don't have to be senile to recall the days when white meant "go ahead." If you were a hogger in those days and saw white, your block was supposed to be clear. You jerked the throttle open another notch or two or left it wide open. Cy Warman, a runner on the old Denver & Rio Grande narrow-gage, wrote a great poem ending with this line, "I hope the lamps are white."—*Harry Ridgeway*

I HAVE forgotten the name of the railroad and most of the details of the countryside—it all happened long, long ago—but the picture of that ornate woodburning locomotive as she puffed into the spur track leading to the lime kiln every afternoon is vivid and pleasurable in my mind. We played hookey from school many a time to go over there and gaze upon her. She was real handsome. Her red enamel, burnished brass and copper made a brilliant garish sight in the golden sun-light and every piece of black iron on her was as clean and brightly polished as a pair of Sunday shoes.—*Lewis R. Lathrop*

DURING the Steam Age when we firemen got together at the end of a run, often in the terminal washroom while scrubbing the sweaty coal grime off our hands and faces and necks, we usually headed for the nearest bistro to wet dusty throats with beer in a bull session. After a day's work we had a lot of gripes and boasting to get off our chest. We also liked to talk about fast locomotives and fast women. . . .

Today, very few steamers are left in service, and around them are closing the shadows of eternal night. Soon, too soon, they will be remembered only as a bright episode of fading history. Visitors to museums here and there will gaze on the steam giants, silent and lifeless. Some in imagination will see them climbing the hills and speeding across the prairies with fast-rolling passenger cars at the rear and with great billowing clouds of white smoke climbing to the moon.—*H. L. Kelso*

ROMANCE on the old boomer trail? On all sides, brothers. Half the men who wandered about the country from one railroad job to another before World War I were just big, lonely, love-starved boys looking for romance; and when they found it, they ceased being rovers and they homesteaded. The rest of us kept forever on the jump, instinc-

tively moving away from the female sex. At one time or many times we sampled romance, but in our cases it never jelled.

No matter how hard-boiled some boomers acted toward trainmasters and chief dispatchers, they were downright scary in their dealings with women. I was that type. I used to admire the blithe, breezy fellows who could throw the damsels into a veritable dither with their small talk. But I feared to emulate them. My main worry was that some sweet young thing would take me seriously and that, before I came out of the daze, she'd have me anchored securely to a little railroad division point on the northern prairie which, in winter, didn't even have a high board fence between it and the North Pole.—*Clifford Funkhouser*

MEAN things are said about hobos, especially by railroad policemen, but when I first hit the iron pike in the mid-twenties the *harvest stiffs*, as we were called, were welcome to ride "side door Pullman" on Western lines free of charge because we made it possible for freight trains to haul a maximum of paid traffic in seasonal crops. From June till October each year we rode the rust from Texas to North Dakota and sometimes on up into Saskatchewan, making the wheat harvests. . . .

Both tramps and hobos are anachronisms today, bound for extinction. It does not take an astute observer to see the imminent doom of the hobos, the migratory workers. A presage of it is found in the Midwestern wheat harvest, for years the summer stomping ground of hobo hordes. As the harvest has become more mechanized the employment of hobos has decreased, and now, like the buffalo herds before them, the "Weary Willies" have failed to come through.—*George Milburn*

I DON'T believe in being frustrated. Drain your glass to the bottom, I say. Better do that than decide later on, too late, that life has passed you by . . . I am getting along in years now but I have no regrets. When the time comes for me to say good-bye to it all I will quit the game as a winner.

Life put on quite a show for me. But now the show is ending, the lights are growing dim. Out in my back yard at San Francisco, somewhere between the crimson ramblers and the hollyhocks, there waits an Old Man With a Scythe. Some day ere long he is going to tap my shoulder and say, 'Come with me, Mac!', and when he does I will follow him into the everlasting shadows, leaving behind me all the bright golden memories.

Oh, I'm bound to go
Where there ain't no snow.
Where the rain don't fall
And the wind don't blow—
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

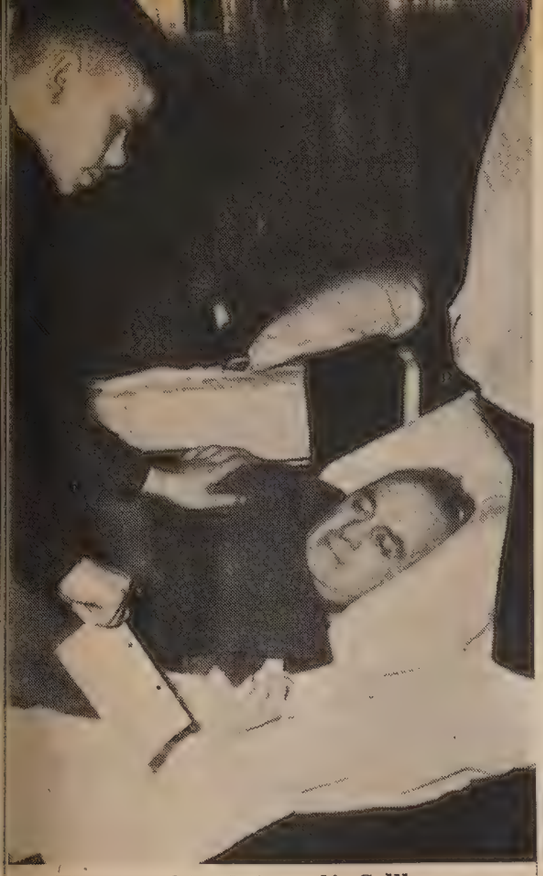
—Harry K. McClintock

MANY boomers made the mistake of showing eight or ten or a dozen clearances when they applied for a job and then wondered why no trainmaster or yardmaster would hire them. A brass hat would be silly to take on a man under those conditions, unless he needed someone to fill a gap in a big hurry. I carried only a few "diplomas," good ones at that, and had no trouble in landing. . . .

In the State of Washington a certain girl caught my fancy. She was a striking brunette with greenish eyes who liked to wear vivid colors, like a scarlet tanager, and looked well in them. I used to

Collection C. W. Jernstrom, 822 Pelham Drive, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Two short whistle blasts of a train leaving town would make a boomer postpone a bath or leave his beer half drunk or his lady waiting at the church. Photo shows No. 4 of the Pennsylvania, Poughkeepsie & Boston, built by Rogers in 1889. She was transferred to the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad in 1892, becoming No. 1203, and went to the scrap pile in 1926.



Time to hit the road! Callboy rouses Canadian National engineer, Arthur Chattigny, at Turcot yards in Montreal.
Canadian National Railways photo

think of her as the Rose of Cle-Elum. But when I stepped out with her I realized I was over my depth. She went to Lover's Lane with me, though. I don't know where she is today. My memory often recalls that girl, and Brown Eyes at Ellensburg, and many other "skirts" I knew in the glad, free, careless, boomer days of my youth.

Will the boomer come back? Only when Haywire Mac's *Big Rock Candy Mountains* become a reality, when lemonade flows from springs and cigarettes grow on trees, and when there will again be a pagan Mexico, where any "rail" who has earned his spurs in the States can go south of the border and be a demigod, running trains, with the laughter of black-eyed *senoritas* in his ears and maybe a chance shot in the dark to nick his Stetson.—*Maxwell Swan*

RIDING a Sunday picnic train over a weed-lined branch in the long ago was a big event. In those days we had no modern sanitation. Nobody dreamed of individual paper cups. One smeary glass per car served everybody. Of course, you rinsed it out, more or less, before gulping your tepid "ice-water" from the faucet.

When I was a kid, some picnic specials didn't even have faucets. I remember seeing a man with a walrus mustache walk through the warm dusty cars toting a pail and a dipper, peddling water at five cents a drink. It was frightfully expensive. No matter how dry I might be, I never bought any of this luxury.

That was in the Steam Age. A rusty Mogul or ten-wheeler puffing gray smoke would powder my Sunday best duds with soot and tiny cinders. The old wooden coaches rattled and squeaked. You had the feeling that they'd been pulled off the rip track for Sunday customers. Small children and spinsters were afraid to walk through the open vestibules from one car to another while the train rocked its way over the rails.

The hard wooden seats made your buttocks sore if you sat still long enough, unless your behind was padded with fat, as mine wasn't, and the little toilet room in each car was shared in turn by both sexes . . .

I have often thought how much I would like to ride one of those trains again today—over the Indian Valley Line into the Big Rock Candy Mountains! On such a ride I wouldn't ask for very much. Just a pretty girl at my side, a well-stocked lunch basket, and of course, my youth of fifty years ago.—*"Frog" Smith*

IS ANY ledger large and lenient enough to incorporate the rush of excitement at stepping into a dining car and beholding a beautiful girl alone at a table, and then the suspenseful supplication that the steward, please, dear God, will seat you with her? Bookkeepers may have known such moments, but have they ever observed them officially in the records of their employers?

What, too, of all the songs of unrequited love crooned against a rush of wintry twilight by college boys squatting on suitcases in the aisles of crammed coaches carrying them home for the holidays? And what, for that matter, of the girls from Radcliffe and Wellesley and Farmington whom they would bewitch with their songs? What of such dalliance at dusk? Has it ever appeared in the annual stockholders' report of the New York, New Haven & Hartford?—*George Frazier*

THE OLDTIME work trains are rolling through my dreams with the thud of pile-drivers and the clank of steel rails. I remember nights when our train tied up on lonely sidings where Spanish moss hung heavy from live oaks, bright stars came down close and the moon shone gloriously. These are things I once knew but will never know again.—*William F. Knapke* ●

Virgil C. Staff, P.O. Box 268, Berkeley, Calif.

The glamour of passenger service is fast fading. This scene is at Zacetecas, Mexico.

Information Booth

ASK BARBARA: Railroad questions are answered here by our research expert—as many as space permits. Top priority is given to subjects of general interest. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. No replies are sent by mail.

GP 40 is a 3000 hp engine built by GM-Diesel Ltd., owned by "GO Transit" (Government of Ontario,) and operated by Canadian National Rys. on their main lines.
Percy Booth, 47 Farmcrest Dr., Agincourt, Ont., Canada

1 ***What does TTX stand for?***

Trailer Train. This corporated, owned by 37 railroads and a freight forwarder, has played a big role in revitalizing the railroad industry in recent years. By piggybacking highway trailers—putting them on flatcars, that is, and moving them at high speed from point to point—Trailer Train demonstrated conclusively that the railroads were anything but helpless in beating back truck competition.

Since 1956, Trailer Train revenues have soared dramatically upward from $712,000 to $70 million, its assets from $7.6 million to $514 million, and its profits from $73,000 to over $8 million last year. The profit figure means less than it seems, however, since TTX has never made a cent of taxable income, and if company president James P. Newell has his way, it is never going to.

"We balance our rental income against the interest on our longterm debt and depreciation costs," he explains, "so that we come in tax free. We plan to keep it that way."

There is one problem, however. Both the New York Central and the Southern, highly progressive roads, argue that piggyback may soon be replaced by containers. These are standard-sized boxes that can be moved via rail, air, sea or highway carrier with equal ease, whereas piggybacking involves loading actual highway trailers.

2 ***Which was the first U.S. railroad fully protected by automatic signals?***

The old Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific (now part of the Southern Railway).

3 ***When did the railroads begin using cabooses with side bay windows instead of cupolas?***

In 1923, the first one being the Akron, Canton & Youngstown. Before adoption of the cupola more than a century ago, all cabooses had side (but not bay) windows. Even today a great

In 1906, when this magazine was started, Joe Easley (shown drawing an issue of Along the *Iron Pike*) was helping to rebuild San Francisco after big fire.
Photo from Staten Island Advance

many modern cabooses have cupolas. For further details see Bill Knapke's 215-page illustrated history of the caboose that Donald Duke of Golden West Books has scheduled for publication this year.

4 ***Where can I see the old French dining car in which the German High Command signed the Armistice on November 11, 1918?***

You can't. That Wagon-Lits car, used originally on the world's most glamorous train, the *Orient Express,* was destroyed 23 years ago. Here is the story: When the Germans invaded France in 1914, all Wagon-Lits equipment still in Allied hands, including that diner, went into military service as field headquarters for generals, mobile ambulances, etc. Marshall Foch had 3 such cars for his desk-work, conferences, and map-reading. As the war neared a climax, he ordered diner No. 2419 equipped for a special event. General Weygand, his chief of staff, took charge of it October, 1918, just before the Allied victory. Michael Barsley states in a new book, *The Orient Express* (reviewed in our magazine last month):

A cloak of secrecy covered the movements of No. 2419 until it suddenly arrived at the Forest of Compeigne, outside Paris, attached to Marshal Foch's train. What followed is a matter of history. . . . After triumphal appearances at various victory centers and an unsuccessful attempt to install it in the Invalides (the Paris building which holds Napoleon's tomb), the precious relic (car 2419) ended up at Rethondes, not far from the scene of its original triumph, 9 years later.

The strange setting for defeat obviously impressed a former corporal in the German Army of the first World War, one Adolf Hitler, who turned the tables in June, 1940, by hauling out No. 2419 then rumbled into captivity in the second act of surrender. But this time the French were surrendering. No. 2419 then rumbled into captivity in Berlin, a mute symbol of human folly and vanity. But history was to ring the changes once again. Allied bombing of the Anhalter station in 1944 at first seemed to have included the destruction of this much-tried veteran. Later researches made by railway historian George Behrend suggest that the Nazis hung onto it to the end, keeping it in the town of Ohrdruf, in Thuringia, until the day American tanks were on the outskirts. Then a special S.S. detachment was detailed to blow up the old car, which had once more become a bitter symbol of defeat.

5 ***Tell us about Joe Easley.***

Joe has an almost uncanny sense of accuracy when it comes to drawing pictures of trains or railroad scenes for story illustrations or *Along the Iron Pike.* Almost never has a reader found a technical error in his drawings. The question has been asked, how does he do it?

Well, he has a large picture file as well as back numbers of this magazine and he uses them often. But he relies also on his own memory of days when he traveled very many miles in the West aboard rattling freights, without paying fare. He is one of those persons who finds that whatever he learned becomes useful later. Such as his personal fund of knowledge from Alaska just after the gold rush, San Francisco on the day of the earthquake, and Panama before the building of the canal.

His first interest in trains was in his home town of Lebanon, Mo. "A railroad ran through that little town," he says, "and train arrivals were big events."

As for his interest in illustrating, "I always wanted to do it." He started cartooning by entering a contest for amateur artists sponsored by a Seattle newspaper. Joe's drawing won first prize and the $2 he got was the first payment he obtained for art work. It also was the last for several years, and he wound up in Alaska as a carpenter on a Seward terminal for a cable line.

Easley enrolled in an art correspondence course in San Francisco, after Alaska, but "I soon found out you can't learn by mail, and after three lessons I quit. Even when a teacher stands over you it's hard enough to learn."

So he came to New York and studied at the Art Students League and the National Academy of Design. After two years as a part-time carpenter he bought a ticket to California because it was cold in the East, and he sailed steerage.

"That was before the canal was built, and we had to take a railroad when we got to Panama," Joe recalls.

In California he worked as a fruit picker and in the canneries. This route led through a number of ranches, and *bindle stiffs* walked from one job to another as the crops ripened. They'd cut through the ranches and occasionally a haystack would burn.

"The ranchers got together," Joe says, "and ordered the *bindle stiffs* to keep off. Suddenly haystacks started burning all over the place. Then the order went out that the *bindle stiffs* would always be fed and could stay at the ranches all night. Of course, they couldn't eat until the ranch hands finished, so the stiffs often ate off dirty plates. They even told me that in some places the plates were nailed down and the cook would go along with a hose to clean the table."

For some years Joe Easley has been retired, aside from the work he does for *Railroad Magazine,* and he lives with his wife on Staten Island. He admits an inability to draw pretty girls.

6 ***(a) I have a lantern lettered "BS ST. RY." Which line was that? (b) I also have lanterns with a cobalt blue globe, a bluish green globe, and an amber-colored globe. What were they used for?***

(a) Steve Maguire replies that this was probably the Bay State Street Railway of New England, which was the biggest trolley line with those initials. (b) Cobalt blue lantern was used for Rule 26, to protect men working on railroad cars, which should not be moved or run into. Bluish green lantern

is probably green when lit. It is used with a white one to indicate a flagstop for a train. Amber lantern is a caution one for track ahead.

7 ***Where can I find a poem entitled "The Meet at Summit Siding"?***

Right here. The author, John H. Gray, was a traveling engineer on the Duluth, Missabe & Northern.

She was lame and loose and leaking
and the coal was full of slag
As she staggered up the mountain grade
with all that she could drag.
The Hogger watched the pointer and
the brawny tallowpot
With Herculean efforts tried to keep
the scrap-heap hot.

Ten miles away the summit loomed;
and there the Hogger knew
That Number 4, the fast express, at ten
fifteen was due.
The eagle eye pulled out his watch.
"Nine forty-five," it read.
"Just thirty minutes more to make the
next ten miles," he said.

Then turning to the sweating, swearing,
sweltering tallowpot
With a world of wrathful meaning these
stormy words he shot.
"I want more steam!" the hogger
roared. "I want this engine hot.
Do you think we're coasting down a
hill, or standing on the spot?"

The fireboy grabbed the clinker hook
and wrestled it with rage.
With scoop and hook he fiercely worked
until, upon the gage,
The hesitating pointer surely, slowly up-
ward bounds
Until the boiler pressure registers al-
most two hundred pounds.

Again the hogger pulled out and looked
upon his watch.
Then gently, with a pleasing smile, he
dropped her down a notch.
The O.R.C. was raging wild back in the
"cupalo"
As he watched the passing mileposts in
procession all too slow.

"What's the matter with that hoghead
up ahead?" he cried in rage.
"Don't he know we have a time card?
Can't he read the printed page?
Can't he see that Number 4 is there
among those carded trains?
I never knew a hogger yet that had an
ounce of brains!"

Just then the hogger dropped her down;
the old mill gathered speed.
The con calmed down and soon his face
from frantic rage was freed,
The mileposts passed more swiftly now.
There weren't any more;
They just pulled into summit in time
to clear for Four.

But there at Summit siding they had to
stand and wait,
Because Number 4, the fast express,
was just two hours late!

8 ***How did ACF Products happen to get into the business of leasing railroad cars as well as building them?***

Two decades ago ACF was one of the blue chips of American industry. Under its old name, American Car & Foundry, it ranked among the nation's top 100 industrial corporations. But in those days it was almost entirely a railroad car builder; and when the railroads began to slump, their suppliers did likewise. To get out of the doghouse, ACF diversified. It went into electronics and nuclear reactors—and flopped badly at both. So the company decided to diversify what it already had instead of adding new business. It made a totally new approach to the railroad car business, with the emphasis on *leasing* cars rather than building them to sell. Thus ACF freed itself from the traditional boom-and-bust cycle of railroad car sales by building cars to lease.

The leasing produces steady, long-term revenue. It also helps the car building. *Forbes* business weekly quotes ACF chairman John P. Burditt as saying: "We have closed our railroad car production plants down to three (closing ten since World War II, including the huge white elephant at Berwick, Pa.), getting rid of our excess capacity and trimming off the fat. We want to be known as a railroad car leaser that also manufactures rather than a manufacturer that also leases."

9 ***When did trolley service end in Baltimore, Md.? Is there any chance of its ever being resumed?***

November 3, 1963. The last active car rolled into the Irvington barn at 3:05 a.m., thus ending the city's streetcar service that began August 10, 1885. A Metropolitan Transit Authority spokesman says there is talk of running a rapid transit subway-type train underground from downtown Baltimore to suburban areas, where it would "surface." Meanwhile, we understand that a shortline display run by the Baltimore Museum, Inc., has begun to operate on a half-mile of track in Jones Falls Valley Park.

Running Extra

Born at Saluda, N.C., on the Southern's mountainous Asheville Division when his father was a bridgeman there, Art Stewart, now living at 4487 Hillsborough Drive, Castro Valley, Calif. 94546, has a nostalgic interest in that area and wants to hear from anyone familiar with it. "Did the safety tracks at Saluda ever save a runaway train?" he asks. "Are those tracks still there? Is the division's 4.7 percent still the maximum grade for standard gage roads in this country?"

A brief history of the 4-10-2 locomotive is sought by W. R. Osborne, 1019 S.E. 12th Ave., Deerfield Beach, Fla. He wants to know when this type was first built, which roads used them, were they all 3-cylinder jobs, how many were built, which was the last one built, and which was the last one to operate.

Several readers have asked if Freeman Hubbard will write a personality sketch of Barbara Kreimer for the *Interesting Railfan* series. The answer is: "No, I prefer not to be written up."

Will some reader send info. on small commuter operations out of Chicago (C&WI, GM&O, NYC, PRR, etc.) to Jim Wickersham, 127 E. 122nd Place, Chicago, Ill. 60628? He asks, "Did C&EI ever have suburban service?" He also wants tts., old photos, etc., on the subject.

Brief history of the Port Huron & Northwestern is wanted by Bob Reed, 1025 Winston Ave., San Marino, Calif.

"What is the largest freight-only road in the U.S.?" asks Dennis Vicher III, 1913 Crockett Ave., Orange, Texas 77630. (He doesn't say if he means largest in mileage, tonnage hauled, revenue, or equipment.)

Owner of a 45-rpm record made in Milwaukee, Wis., entitled "The Milwaukee Road." is Gerald Cline, 1217 Stark St., Wausau, Wisc. 54401, who wants to know if any other U.S. railroad has a song recorded about it.

Information is wanted by J. H. Hauser, recently retired engineer of the *City of Los Angeles,* 626 Elizabeth St., Salt Lake City, Utah 84102, on a westbound circus train that burned off a journal in 1926 west of Acoma, Nevada, and was wrecked. "When the wrecker arrived on the scene," Mr. Hauser writes, "an official went through the cars to see if anyone was injured. Reaching the women's car, he inquired, 'Did any of you ladies get hurt?' One of the female circus performers replied: 'How could we get hurt? We were in the caboose having a party.' The conductor was fired and never got back to work. Who can supply more facts?"

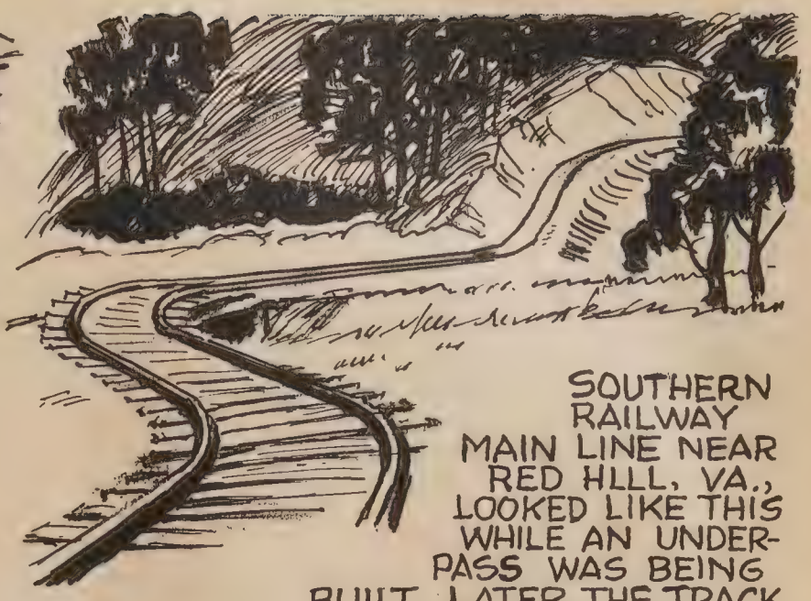
Facts about covered bridges are desired by Richard Wilson, 26 Martin Drive, Rome, N.Y. He says the longest covered railroad bridge in the Northeast, 369 feet, is still used by the St. Johnsbury & Lamoille County Railroad.

Imaginative writing features *The Provocative Pen of Lucius Beebe,* a book that this magazine reviewed last month. For example: "Personally and although my locks are hoary, I felt until recently that I was fighting a reasonably good rear-guard or delaying action against the Grim Reaper and postponing the eventual rendezvous with the dark camel that waits by the city gate at sundown." ●

ALONG THE IRON PIKE

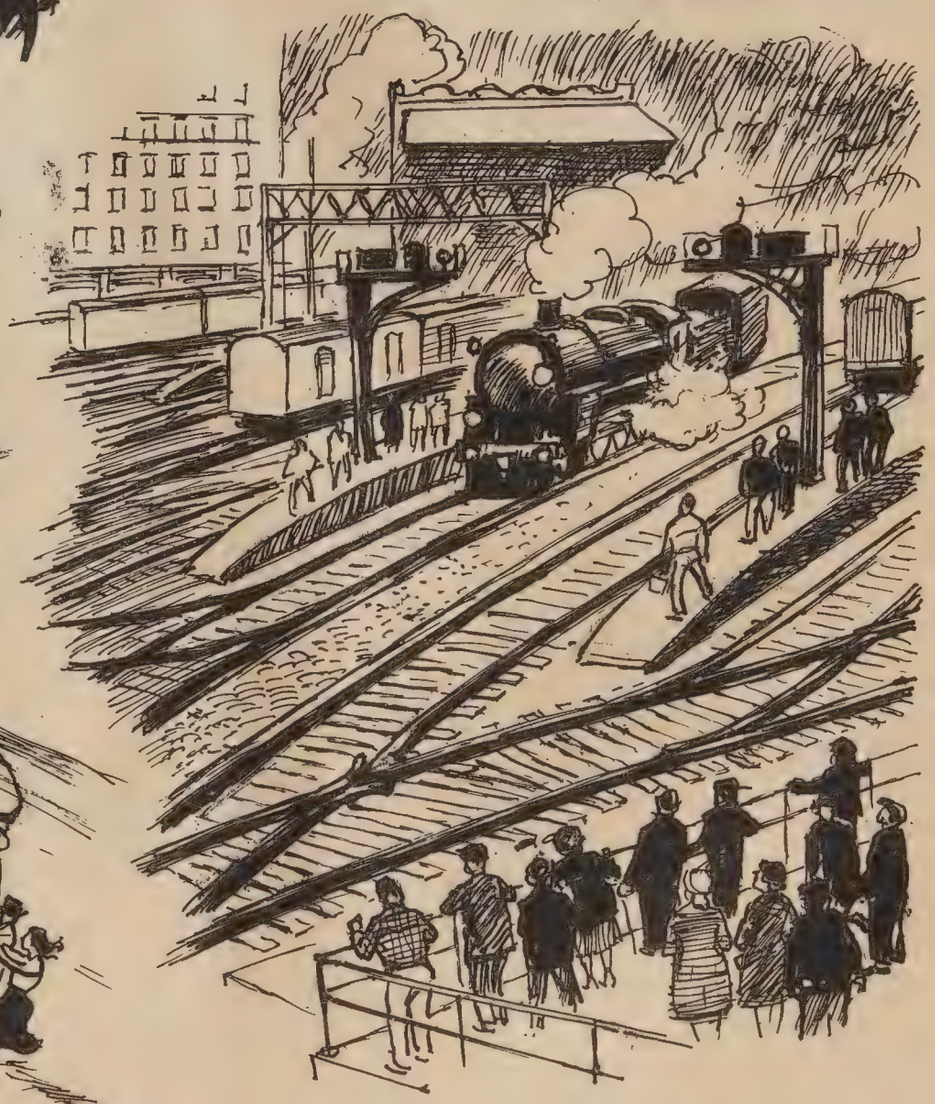
by Joe Easley

MONORAIL CAR CARRYING 14 PASSENGERS JUMPED THE TRACK 4 YEARS AGO AT LOS ANGELES COUNTY FAIR. FIRE TRUCKS HAULED IT BACK ON THE RAILS. NOBODY WAS HURT.



SOUTHERN RAILWAY MAIN LINE NEAR RED HLLL, VA., LOOKED LIKE THIS WHILE AN UNDER-PASS WAS BEING BUILT. LATER THE TRACK WAS STRAIGHTENED.

COMMUTERS WHO COMPLAIN ABOUT U.S. RAILROAD SERVICE SHOULD VISIT RIO DE JANEIRO, DOWN IN BRAZIL, WHERE SUBURBAN TRAINS REALLY ARE CROWDED.



BRITISH RAILWAYS NO. 35008 OF MERCHANT NAVY CLASS MAKES LAST STEAM RUN BETWEEN LONDON'S WATERLOO STATION AND WEYMOUTH, DORSETSHIRE. ELECTRIC AND DIESEL POWER NOW OPERATE THIS ROUTE.

Interesting Railfans No. 60

WILLIAM C. MIDCAP

by Freeman Hubbard

During World War II, Bill fired and ran American, French, and German engines. After the war, he operated engines for Pennsy under less hazardous conditions.

Bill's railroad background is priceless as editor of *Enginemen's Press*.

DISASTER hit hard. First, the Depression in 1929. Forrest Midcap, firing for the old Wheeling & Lake Erie, had so little seniority that they laid him off. Then extreme difficulty in feeding and clothing the family hastened his wife's death in 1931, and the unemployed fireman had to raise their three small children by himself.

Bill, oldest of the three, was born November 23, 1925, in Canton, Ohio. The bewildered father tried to find work. Failing in this, he moved his little brood to a rundown and abandoned farm in West Virginia. Bill's growing-up years etched into his memory the devastating effects of an economic system unable to protect the public from ravages of wholesale unemployment.

"I recall trudging three miles over heavily wooded hills," he says, "leaving home before daylight and returning after dark, during the short winter days, to attend a one-room school. There were about ten other pupils. One had to keep a fire burning in the pot-bellied stove. Some of us hadn't enough clothes. I went to school in rubber boots with rags wrapped around my feet."

The teacher made life interesting with contests that gave the winners more time at recess and lunch periods. For example, she would write phrases in Morse code on the blackboard to test how well her pupils had memorized the code. That form of divertisement didn't last long, for Bill always won.

One day the precocious lad borrowed two yokes, the kind used in training half-grown oxen, which he fitted to two undersized cows in the milking herd, and he and his cousin, Vernon R. Midcap, trained them to work together.

"What fun we had rumbling over the countryside in a large wagon pulled by those cows!" Vernon recalls. "But one afternoon we were caught plowing a small field of young corn with that team when we should have been hoeing. Everybody knows that cows forced to work do not qualify as good milkers, so our fun ended abruptly."

At age ten Bill had begun to labor in the fields and he drove a team of oxen from early morning till late evening. The measly dollar a day he got for this work paid for both the use of the team and his own wages. Bill gave the money to his Dad to save toward buying the school books he'd need in the fall. Life was tough, but the furloughed railroad man kept his family together.

In the late 1930's W&LE business picked up a little, just a little, and Mr. Midcap returned to the engine cab for a few days each year. Says Bill, "You'll never know how much those small earnings meant to us." The children stayed on the farm and their father joined them whenever the railroad work slackened. By 1940 Mr. Midcap

was employed most of the time, so he shifted his family to Beach City, a village near Brewster, Ohio, the terminal he worked out of. Bill attended an advanced school there and got fairly good grades, while doing odd jobs on farms after classes and during the summer.

The railroad ran through Beach City and the freight train Mr. Midcap fired would switch the siding there. Bill watched the operations wistfully and often begged his father for a ride in the cab. One night the old engineer said: "It's okay with me, Forrest. He can ride to Justice."

Well, Justice was only a few miles up the dusty road but those miles created a new world for the 14-year-old kid. In the cab at last, he looked on with excitement as his father bailed coal.

From that night on, the roar, the smells of steam and oil, and the romance of the rails were part of Bill Midcap. Some day, he determined, he'd be a railroad man himself—not a trainman like two of his uncles, but a fireman like Dad. Came World War II. The railroads boomed again. One day when Bill was only 15 but big for his age, he quit school, against his father's advice, and sought a job firing for the Pennsy at Canton, Ohio.

"I'm 21," he lied, "and I'm 4-F."

No firemen were needed at Canton. "How about a braking job?" asked the clerk who interviewed him.

"Could I transfer to engine service later on?" Bill wanted to know.

"Probably; but are you really 21?"

"Of course I am. I could bring you a birth certificate to prove it. As for the job I'd like to think it over."

But Bill started as a roundhouse laborer that same day. He spent his meager savings on new duds—overalls, red bandanna, etc.—and his boss said with a touch of sarcasm: "Dude, I'm afraid you'll get those pretty new clothes all dirty this afternoon."

He did, too, but what the hell? He was a railroad man now, like he wanted to be. One night the roundhouse foreman gave him an engine to coal and sand just before quitting time—when he had a date with a girl!

"I ran that damn engine down to the coal tipple," Bill recalls, "and got her coaled and sanded. Then I reversed h for a few yards, backing through a switch before going onto the southbound tracks. It was a spring switch and I was in a hurry. So when I thought I had her safely over the switch I reversed instead of applying the brakes. She ground to a stop but quickly moved ahead. Then came a sickening *thump, thump*—indicating that the drivers had left the rails!

"Moments later, the wreck whistle was blowing. Besides missing my date, I would get my first reprimand."

As time went by, the clerk to whom Bill had offered to send a birth certificate kept pestering him about it; but before the matter could come to a head the road foreman of engines gave him a job firing without asking if he had proved his age at the time he was hired.

"I'll never forget those student trips," Bill tells us. "I learned how to set the jets on the mechanical stokers and keep the fire thin, loose, and clean, and the cab clean. I watched to be sure the smoke wasn't too black, especially in the cities, and I knocked gigantic clinkers from the firebox. It was all very exciting. Meanwhile, I had reached age 16. Sitting on the left side of an M-1, an L-1, or an I-1, with a hot fire and lots of steam, while meadows and creeks and patches of woodland rolled by, was to me the world's best job."

Things went along well. As our hero gained seniority he got better runs and, when asked, explained his draft status by saying he was 4-F. Pretty soon he was firing the "hog-law" freight local—16 hours a day between Canton and Conway, Pa.—usually with a hand-fired hog on which a day's work meant shoveling 10 to 12 tons of coal.

"My main problem in those days," he says, "was getting enough time off for dates with girls."

But another date caught him unprepared. That morning he went to work around 9:45, signed in, and ambled over to the outbound shanty to start preparing his engine for the day's run. As he tossed his grip into the gangway and climbed aboard, he came face to face with a stranger who introduced himself as an FBI agent.

"Someone turned you in as a draft dodger," the man said grimly, "and unless you can clear yourself right now you'll have to come along with me."

While the unhappy youth was fumbling around for words, the situation was complicated still further by the assistant road foreman joining them in the cab. Bill blurted out that he was only 17 and produced proof. This satisfied the Federal agent, who left. But the road foreman stayed. He had known in advance what would happen and had tried to get another fireman for that run. Luckily for Bill, none was available.

By now the engineer also was aboard. He smiled and said: "Kid, just carry on with the job and let me do the worrying for you." He turned to the assistant road foreman. "Sam, it's time to go."

Sam was a kindly fellow, but this time he spoke sternly. "Midcap, lay off when you get back here and be in my office the following morning at nine."

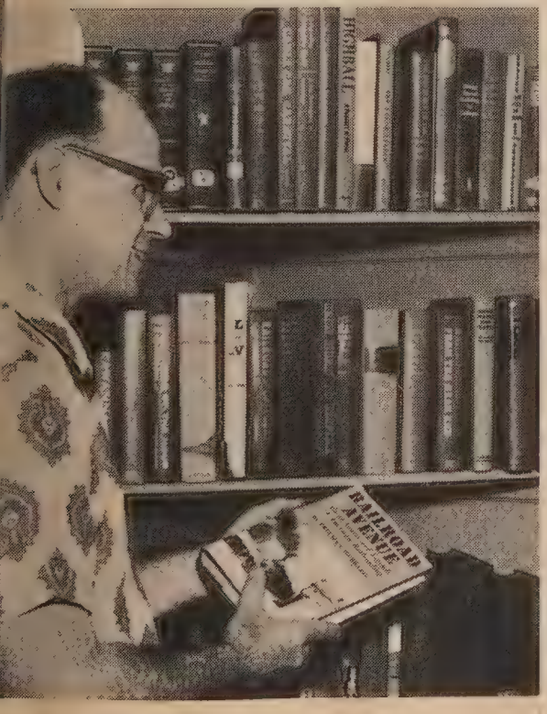
Bill's world seemed to be crumbling. Somehow, he did the job for 16 hours and then, when he could legally work no longer without a rest period, stayed with the engine for two more hours while their train was being hauled back to the division point.

"The engineer and conductor, both oldtimers, reassured me," he recalls. "Upon our arrival at Conway after 18 hours on the job, they did not go to bed as they would have done normally. Instead, they dressed in their Sunday best and caught an early morning passenger train to Pittsburgh, where, I learned later, they pleaded my case with the brass collars. On their return, both men came to my room to say, 'Something will be done for you.' We all got a little shut-eye, and soon were rolling westward on the hog-law local again. At Canton I picked up a message from the assistant road foreman which stated: 'Meeting cancelled. Work as usual.' "

One night our subject was called to fire a local after being up all day. "Just before sunrise next morning," he says, "when we were on a siding for a meet with a passenger train, both the engineer and I put our feet up and dozed off for the few minutes before the train was due. Suddenly I awoke with a start. The sun was shining brightly, but my engineer remained asleep. Our steam pressure gage showed 120 pounds, water was low in the glass, and when I stepped on the pedal to open the butterfly doors of the firebox the feeble response showed our air pumps had quit!

"The engineer came off his seatbox

Bill's home features a railroad library.



with a yell and grabbed the throttle. Then he saw the shape we were in. 'What'll I tell them?' he demanded, starting down the ladder en route to the phone. 'Tell them I just quit,' I replied; and he laughed, went to the phone, and got the dispatcher to cover for us. After that we started the fire again with the aid of fusees and oil-soaked waste."

Bill Midcap fired every type of steamer the Pennsy had, including a steam turbine he couldn't keep hot. The latter hurt his pride until he learned that nobody else could keep her hot, either. William W. Whitlach, who was PRR assistant road foreman of engines at Canton toward the end of the steam era but is now a diesel hogger on main-line freight, recalls that Bill was "one of my firemen and a darned good one, too. I never had to bring him into my office to find out why he 'didn't have any steam.'

"One day I was talking to Bill's engineer. When I asked about the condition of the engine, he grinned and said: 'She's okay except for the firedoor. My fireman spends so much time looking into the firebox that it's nearly worn out.' Of course, anyone who ever fired a steam locomotive with a stoker knows that 'looking into the firebox' often spells the difference between a good fireman and a poor one. This, of course, was to Bill's credit."

On his 18th birthday Bill Midcap registered for the draft. Two months later he found himself in the Army en route to Camp Plauche, La., where he joined the 750th Railway Operating Battalion, just being formed. After training he was sent to France.

Overseas he fired and later ran a lot of locomotives from GI oilburners to French and German steamers. Trying to keep an engine hot at night, running down the line with no lights or block signals, sometimes over bombed-out bridges, and fearing to open the firebox door lest the light give away your position to enemy aircraft—these are problems of railroading in the war zone. They change one's way of thinking. Bill grew up in Europe. When he got back home to Ohio he viewed life differently.

"Returning to my old job on the Pennsy," he says, "I began studying for promotion to engineer. I remember the warm summer evening when my engineer and I were in the siding at Newman, Ohio, waiting to push a train over the hill. He suggested that since we had 45 minutes or so, maybe he could help me a little in preparing for the air test that was coming up. I didn't quite understand the M-6 feed valve—the valve that controlled air flow to the brake system—so we started dismantling it. Everything was fine, I knew, once I saw the parts, what they were and how they were supposed to work.

"Suddenly, out of nowhere came a hotshot freight, right ahead of the *Trail Blazer* passenger train that was due. We got a signal to follow the freight and help it over the hill, but we couldn't move. In the mad rush to put the parts together, we dropped one. It went through the floor near the boiler-head, and we were stuck. A frantic search located the spring. By that time the dwarf signal was jumping from one indication to another.

"We finally got going, but thankfully the train made it over the hill by itself. Anyhow, we reached the top of the hill and were in the clear; and then the *Trail Blazer*, slowed somewhat by my practical classroom work, went thundering by."

While studying for promotion, Bill learned that one of the yard conductors he worked with had a daughter, Anne Marie Beck, who was slim, pretty, and brown-eyed. This girl had a job with the telephone company. Bill began dating her, and eventually they got married. They have a son, David, now ten years old, and a dog named Spot.

Meanwhile, our subject was promoted. The first night he was called to run a locomotive, Bill had a fireman making his initial trip. Years later, when working for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen & Enginemen, Bill Midcap had the pleasure of presenting that same man with the Brotherhood's Quarterly Safety Award. The man had won the honor by saving a child's life.

But that's going ahead of our story. Bill didn't stay long with the Pennsy, which was then converting from steam to diesel power. For a lover of steam locomotives like Bill, dieselization marked more than the end of an era; it also terminated a love affair. So he quit railroading in 1952, moved his little family to Cleveland, and went to work as a file clerk in the magazine department of the BLF&E, an organization he had joined shortly after becoming a fireman.

That same week he matriculated at Fenn College. It was a busy schedule, daytime work, school at night, with weekends taken up from early morning to late at night. He managed also to work part-time as a shoe salesman to help pay for his education, and Anne loyally returned to her old job with the phone company for the same purpose.

Frank L. Collins, an assistant professor at West Virginia University, recalls the time he wanted to buy a pair of shoes from Bill so that the latter would get a commission on the sale. Bill thanked him but, with a fine sense of integrity, advised his friend not to buy shoes from him, since he felt they were of inferior quality. Meanwhile, Bill studied intensely and won collegiate honors. One year he was named Outstanding Student. It was a proud day when he got his degree.

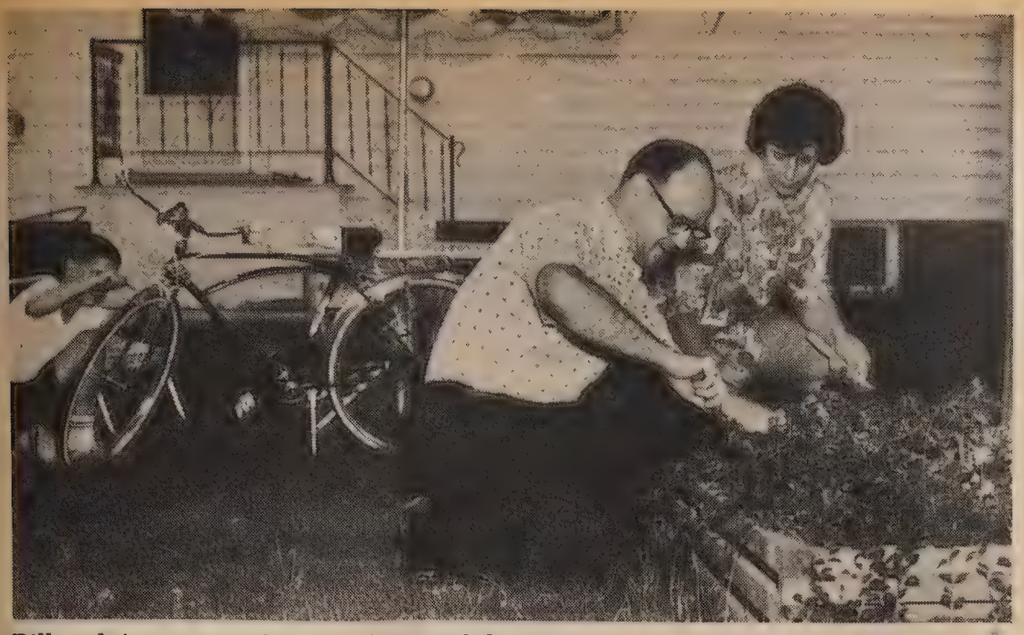
Besides his other duties for the BLF&E, Bill set up and operated a photographic department for L. E. Whitler, top man on the Brotherhood's publications. In 1959 he was unanimously elected to job of alternate editor by the Brotherhood's 980 Convention delegates, meeting in St. Paul. They also added a bi-weekly newspaper, the *Enginemen's Press*, to his responsibilities under Mr. Whitler. Then in 1963, when the latter retired, another BLF&E convention unanimously picked Bill to succeed him as head of the publications department.

Ruben Levin, editor and manager of *Labor*, a weekly paper, has this to say of Bill Midcap: "He's the number one perpetual-motion machine in human form. Always on the go. His signals are always green. He moves fast, works hard, thinks fast. His passion is photography. Just watch him shoot pictures. *Rat, tat, tat!* He snaps them one after another. As a result, the *Engineman's Press* is the foremost paper for illustrations in the labor field. Bill's a great guy —hearty, cheery, buoyant."

He can change moods rapidly, though. If things don't go right, or the way he expects them to, he becomes highly impatient. But he is self-disciplined on a job to be done, no matter how tough or disagreeable, and he will sacrifice almost anything, personally, to get results. Quick to take a chance, he is forever seeking better methods or devices and will "sell" an idea at the drop of a hat if he thinks it will do the job more efficiently.

"Let's do *something*," he vociferates, "even if it's wrong."

Bill has an "end-justifies-the-means" attitude, and boy, you'd better not get in his way! On the other hand, he is generous to a fault, quick to donate to a fund or start one for an unfortunate person or group. He can't stand brutality to animals. "It makes my blood boil," he says. He also gets angry over the realization that, as he puts it, "America's priceless heritage—her forests, bodies of water, and the air



Bill and Anne at work on a planter while their son, David, tightens up his bicycle.

around us—have been poisoned until it is nothing less than a national tragedy." Nor is he happy over the adulteration of many processed foods that gives them longer shelf-life in the stores but less nutritive value for the consumers.

Ed McCullough, assistant grand chief engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, describes him as "modest and gentle, with a deep understanding of labor problems." Bill's editorial assistant, Louis J. Yanacsek, has found him to be a "taskmaster" but one well based in every phase of the work he expects others to do." Lou adds, "Your story should emphasize his drive and determination." Like Sy Reich, whom we wrote up last month, Bill is annoyed by people who do not grasp ideas as quickly as he thinks they should. Says Bill: "Hell, I'd rather do it myself than wait for him to figure it out."

Constantly in a hurry, he hates to stand in line for anything. "I eat faster than anyone else I know," he admits, "plenty of meat and potatoes, other vegetables, fruits, and too much sweetened desserts," but he manages to keep his weight at about 190 pounds. Like most of the *Interesting Railfans* in our series, he does not smoke. "Four or five years ago I picked up the habit of puffing a cigar once in a while," he tells us, "but a trip to the hospital in 1965, with a lung operation, put an end to that."

Bill is of medium height, with brown hair surrounding a bald spot, and wears dark-rimmed glasses. In one sense, he is a bigamist, being married to his job as well as to Anne and loving them both. Living within five minutes walk of his office, Bill starts his day's work there early in the morning. Two of Anne's main interests are (a) trying to figure out ways of keeping her husband away from the office at night and on weekends and (b) coaxing him to take a vacation. Bill is considered a clothes-horse—"worse than a woman when it comes to clothes," Anne tells us.

"Last fall Bill and I helped in a political campaign," writes Frank Rose, a Pennsy car-repair man and wreck-train employe. "Bill was handling the publicity and had lost track of his aide. He spotted me, pinned a press button on my coat, and stated: 'Frank, you are now a member of the press. Pick up my tape recorder and camera and follow me, and stay right behind me.' I learned then that he could cover 25 miles in an area of a half-acre."

Frank says, furthermore, that Bill is quick to grant a favor, his favorite answer being: "Frank, buddy, I think we can handle it. Let's give it a whirl."

Most of all, according to William Loftus, former public relations director of BLF&E, Bill is "feverish." Says Loftus: "An ingrained fever to work seems to grip him to the point where he can't let go. I have often seen him devote entire week ends, with little or no rest, to produce photographic evidence for use in BLF&E cases before Congress or public boards in labor relations disputes. He is generous to a fault with his time and resources, but I doubt if he could exist any other way."

His madcap camera stunts are amusing. When making photos at BLF&E meetings he might pile chairs on tables or on other chairs, hang over a balcony railing, or lie prone on the floor to get effective shots. In 1958, when over 600 persons were at a Dallas hotel dinner, Bill wanted a movie record of the huge table and the crowd. While everyone else was eating, he rode majestically into the scene on a food cart pushed by a waiter and filmed the event amid gales of laughter.

For recreation the busy editor of *Enginemen's Press* engages in gardening—a carry-over from the farm days of his youth—and indoor do-it-yourself projects like remodeling a bathroom and building a recreation room in the basement. In short, Bill is obsessed with work. He doesn't know how to play. One of his side lines is serving on the American Cancer Society's public relations committee.

His reading matter consists mostly of the bushels of material that flow over an editor's desk every day. In addition to a modest library of railroad books, he collects BLF&E convention delegates' badges, dating back to 1873; and he is a *Railroad Magazine* subscriber. Like his son, David, he has a specialized interest in history, with emphasis on military annals.

Bill's office is located in the BLF&E Building at 15401 Detroit Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44107. The 12-page newspaper he edits is a lineal descendant of *The Brotherhood Magazine* that was inaugurated in 1876 by what was then known as The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. In 1959, to keep the membership better informed, a bi-weekly periodical was established. For the next four years the BLF&E published both a monthly magazine and the *Enginemen's Press;* then the monthly was dropped, and the *Enginemen's Press* became a monthly.

There have been only nine editors in the publication's 91-year history, including the most illustrious of them all, Eugene V. Debs, who left the Brotherhood in 1893 to form the American Railway Union and later ran four times for the Presidency of the United States, and including the present editor, William C. Midcap, who takes the job no less seriously than Debs did.

Says Bill: "I worked long enough on the railroad, from hand-fired steam locomotives to diesels, to have a good knowledge of the industry from the head end. After firing for many years, I can understand the fireman's problems. Then I was promoted, and I also know first-hand of the engineer's problems. This background has been of great value by enabling me to put across, in readable terms, information for readers.

"I would like to be remembered as a guy who always gave more than he received and did more than was expected of him."

Passenger is getting her fare ready before boarding a sightseeing trolley car on the transit system of Lisbon, Portugal. Note the two-man crew.

Photograph by Earl Clark

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

PENNSYLVANIA'S Supreme Court has ruled in favor of the right of Southeastern Pennsylvania Transportation Authority to take over the Philadelphia Transportation Co. under an agreement made in 1907 between the city and PTC's predecessor, the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Co., according to our most active Philadelphia news correspondent, Andrew W. Maginnis, 38 Harvey Street.

Stephen D. Maguire

When PRT was reorganized into PTC in 1939, the original purchase option was amended to include a price formula based on $10 per share of PTC stock, the company's outstanding bonds and mortgage, and its undistributed corporate surplus.

After SEPTA was created in 1963, City Council transferred the option to SEPTA. However, negotiations between SEPTA and PTC bogged down, and SEPTA went into court to compel sale under the option.

PTC maintains the original agreement is invalid because it violates a state prohibition against perpetuities, meaning agreements which have no time limit. SEPTA will have to pay an estimated $55 million for PTC, but the latter must absorb a $17 million pension liability.

Mayor James H. J. Tate calls on SEPTA to begin work at once on 8 major projects, including extending the Broad Street subway into the Northeast and South Philadelphia.

BY SIGNING legislation for a $2.5-billion mass transportation bond issue, which the voters will approve (we hope) in the referendum to be held shortly after this magazine hits the news-stands, New York's Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller shows an understanding of the people's needs. Mayor John Lindsay of New York City and Senators Jacob K. Javits and Robert F. Kennedy support the proposed bond issue.

By helping the state to get Federal aid, the measure would permit prefinancing for the state's transportation needs of more than $6 billion over the next five years. In addition to huge sums for highways and aviation, the bonds would provide one billion for mass transportation, half of it for New York City subways. The legislation also calls for unification of mass transit facilities in the metropolitan area and an "indefinite" maintenance of the city's 20¢ subway fare.

Rockefeller also signed a bill to create a Metropolitan Transportation Authority in the big city and a Niagara Frontier T. A. for the Buffalo area.

The nation's Department of Housing and Urban Development has approved a $22,697,500 urban mass transportation grant to the Metropolitan Commuter Transportation Authority—such long names!—to extend the electrification of the state-owned Long Island Rail Road and upgrade its present

power. This grant will help to finance a 16-mile extension of electric commuter service between Mineola, Hicksville, and Huntington. Furthermore, it will aid in modernizing power on 104 miles of electrified route for the new 100-mph commuter cars which MCTA is buying to meet an urgent need.

ATLANTA Transit System, the local bus system in Georgia's capital, has presented a plan for what it calls "Rapid Busways," apparently in a move to stave off the time when the Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority will build a rapid transit rail system, thus further reducing the present bus operations.

This plan, as outlined in *Passenger Transport*, weekly trade paper of the industry (sent to us by Felix E. Reifschneider), calls for paving-over some existing rights-of-way of railroads in the city so as to let buses only run along the routes to ramps downtown. It is admitted that these routes could eventually be made part of rail rapid transit. However, ATS contends that these long concrete roadways should be built. ATS thus seeks to prevent, or at least postpone, the actual start on competing rail service for which Federal aid is now being requested.

REPLACING trolleys by buses on Watertown subway-surface route of Boston's Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority was postponed indefinitely from the scheduled Sept. 9th date, due to protests by a public which naturally prefers the more comfortable travel by streetcars with their one-seat ride downtown. Norton D. Clark of 21 Endicott St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

NEXT month will mark the 25th anniversary of your *Transit Topics* editor in the handling of this job. To save time, material for this department should be sent directly to his home rather than the *Railroad Magazine* office. Address Stephen D. Maguire, P.O. Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07719.

STREETCARS are preferred over buses in a Pittsburgh poll, reports Richard Dadowski, 4212 Davison St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15201. A local TV station has found that trolleys would be back on city streets tomorrow if the public had anything to say about it. In response to WIIC-TV's television audience poll question, "Should We Go Back To Streetcars?" 64 percent of the vewiers phoned in to say "Yes," while only 36 percent took the negative viewpoint. This, of course, doesn't surprise us at all.

The public's reaction casts further doubt on Port Authority Transit's claims of 2.5 percent increases in annual passenger volumes and should explain why its public relations office can't state directly that the Authority could make more money with its new buses than with streetcars, since it completed its program of substituting "stink buggies" for trolleys.

CORRECTION: caption of two photos in this department last month should have read "operated" and "served," instead of the present tense, in referring to Peru's last street railway, in Arequipa. Both city and suburban lines were abandoned in Nov., 1966.

Trolley Museum News

THE FIRST trolley-museum line to offer a continuous ride without changing ends on the cars is the Columbia Park & South Western at Olmsted Falls, Ohio. The line's 1500-foot outer loop was completed last July 29th and cars began running over it in regular service. A loop at the other end of the 2-mile line was finished last year. This being even larger, since it runs for nearly one-half mile, passing beyond the 350-foot car barn.

A NEW name, California Railway Museum, has been chosen by a 43-12 vote of members of the Bay Area Electric Railroad Association to describe their trolley operation at Rio Vista Junction in Solano County.

IF YOU read that a museum work party intent on picking up used railroad ties was forced to quit because of smog, would you believe it? To many of us this seems incredible, yet it's verified by the Orange Empire *Traction Gazette*, official publication of the famous trolley museum at Perris, California. A ten-man crew from that museum set out with trucks for Cajon Pass, with permission to remove obsolete ties from the westbound track right-of-way and cart them away. For half an hour the job went along fine. Then, quoting from the *Gazette*, smog overcame the volunteer workers; one by one they had trouble breathing. It took them 3 hours to salvage only 30 old ties. Two days later, however, the same crew arose at 5 a.m., rushed to the Pass to beat the smog, and did a day's work.

The same issue of the *Gazette* prints a complete roster of Orange Empire's rolling stock, 63 pieces, including 3 steam locomotives. An 0-6-OT from Lavino Co. in Pennsylvania last April 29th provided the first live steam operation over the OETM line. Pacific Southwest Museum owns the tank engine but stores it with OETM equipment at Perris.

ILLINOIS Railway Museum, which operates trolleys at Union, now has its own station building, having acquired the Chicago & North Western's Marengo depot, only 5 miles away. The frame structure, 98 feet long, was built

Remember the days of the Chicago, Aurora & Elgin? We see cars 406 and 430 at wayside station of Batavia Junction, Illinois.
Collection of Steve Maguire, Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07719

Richard Anderson toured Christchurch, New Zealand, via these open deck trailers operated by Christchurch tramways.
Richard J. Anderson, 4607 N. Marmosa Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Lisbon's sightseeing trams feature old-fashioned elegance.
Photo by Earl Clark

5 trams and a train in one shot? Its Prague, Czechosolvakia.

Harold Buckley, Jr. 216 Leighton Ave., Silver Sprint, Md. 20901
Trolley bus No. 1670 of Tranvias de Barcelona fleet in Spain is from Washington's D.C. Transit. Here at Calle Diputacion Depot.

in 1852 for the old Galena & Chicago Union, a predecessor of the C&NW, and remained in service until last year. This is said to be the oldest passenger edifice extant west of Pittsburgh.

The IRM dismantled it with care and took it to Union for rebuilding. When fully restored it will have a ticket office, large waiting room and display area, toilets, and crew rooms with showers. Although the North Western sold it for one dollar, the cost of restoration is estimated at $10,000, for which the museum is soliciting funds. Each donor of $100 or more will be given a certificate entitling him or her to run a museum steam engine or trolley car, under supervision. Each donor of $10 or more gets a pass for the current year. IRM's address is P.O. Box 65, Union, Illinois.

Open trolleys like this one that ran in Brooklyn, N.Y., used to be very popular.
Collection of the late Vigordt Lundin

King of Subway Lockers

AN ODD character who frequents New York City subways is a "pack-rat" named Maurice—last name unknown—age 70, with a ragged white beard and long white hair drooping down to his shoulders. Maybe you've seen him. Maurice regards himself as a crusader and "The King of Subway Lockers." Since 1952 he has been collecting books, magazines, records, etc., from Manhattan trash cans and storing them in subway lockers and other caches. In all, he says, he has over 20,000 items hidden away, valued at about $10,000, which he aims to give to "charity."

"Those lockers cost me around $500 a year," he estimates, "a little at a time. I'd rather store my stuff in a loft but I can't afford to pay two months' rent in advance."

Years ago this dishevelled Santa-Claus-in-civilian-attire learned that inspectors of the rental agency didn't check all lockers every day and that he could utilize as much space as he needed by inserting coins twice a week instead of every 24 hours as the agency required. Thus far, he says, his contents of only 24 lockers have been seized for non-payment of rent. He admits currently leasing 26 subway lockers in mid-Manhattan.

Back in 1947 Maurice was a professional photographer and had picked a capable woman for his wife. But the marriage dream faded, so did ambition, and he hasn't had a steady job since. His only known source of income is peddling magazines and books in Greenwich Village. This nets him about $5 a day, much of which goes into quarters for lockers. Aside from cheap food, underwear, and a $30-monthly attic room, he spends almost nothing on himself, fishing most of his clothes and other little necessities out of waste bins.

"I like to get things free," he chuckles inanely. "It all started one day in 1952 when I found some sexy art magazines on a waste heap."

Maurice is not on New York City Transit Authority's popularity list.

Trolley Cars in Europe

TWO ornate trolleys convey sightseers around Lisbon, Portugal. Built by J. G. Brill Co. of Philadelphia, Pa., they were beautifully restored to their original appearance of around 1905 and put into service two years ago.

Resplendant in carmine and white painting, with period striping and luxurious plush seating, these little cars are operated 4 days a week during the tourist season from mid-April until the end of October. They are also available for chartered trips, with or without a guide.

Their regular daily tours cover historic sights in Listbon, starting at 9:30 a.m. and stopping at points of interest along the line. According to Earl Clark, 825 Taft Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio, who sent us this information, tours cover the picturesquel narrow streets, the hilltop panorama, and the sidewalk life. Says Earl: "Lisbon by trolley is Lisbon as it should be visited, in the leisurely way."

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN trolley pix in our September issue interested Max Knopp, a former Czechoslovak citizen, P.O. Box 801, Church St. Station, New York, N.Y. 10008. "I have often ridden the narrow-gage line which runs from Bohumin to Hrusov," he writes. "The modern cars shown in one of the pix you published represented a unit type which now runs everywhere there. The S on the motor-car means *Samoobsluha* (self service). Passengers with the correct fare enter the motor-car and drop money into a box. Those cars have no conductor—only a motorman, who has nothing to do with collecting fares. Passengers who need transfers or who lack the exact fare ride in the second car, which has a conductor."

EVEN before this magazine hits the news-stands, Berlin, Germany, is scheduled to end its 70 years of tram operation, with double-decker buses taking over.

ANYONE want to buy one or all of the 150 trams in Stockholm, Sweden, many of them still in pretty good shape? Stockholm has tried to peddle them all over the world, but no one seems to want them, even though no bus can jingle a bell at a pedestrian with the cheerful warning of a tram in full flight. As this department announced last month, buses are replacing the city's trolleys.

New Electric Publications

***Earl Clark's Directory of World Electric Lines, 1967*, 41 pages 8½ x 11", with spiral binding, may be had for $3 from the author, 825 Taft Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio 45206. This revised and enlarged compilation includes every street railway, interurban, incline, cable, and museum line operating anywhere. Location, size, gage, and equipment are shown. So are dates of abandonments since 1964 of lines throughout the world. There is also a listing of all heavy electric railroads now running and a separate listing of trolley museums, operating and non-operating. Included in the museum list are preserved cars on display or privately owned anywhere on earth. A truly comprehensive listing is this publication. Some of its data is interesting news of lines in foreign lands.**

Chocolate Town Trolleys, by Richard H. Steinmetz, 42 pages, 6 x 9", illustrated, with staple binding, is obtainable at $1.25 from W. R. Gordon, 811 Garson Ave., Rochester, N.Y. The Hershey Transit Co. was built by Milton S. Hershey to serve his milk-chocolate plant and the large surrounding areas he also owned. Opening in 1903, it carried milk from the many farms and homes for young boys which Hershey had established along the route, to the large plant in Hershey, Pa. Passenger cars transported boys from these homes as well as residents of the area. On Sundays a half-dozen Sunday school trolleys brought the lads into town to attend church, with cars lining up on a special siding built for the purpose. This is an interesting story of a most unusual trolley system plus 50 photographs.

Freeman Hubbard, editor of *Railroad Magazine*, has pleasant memories of Mr. Hershey, a tall, slender, friendly man with a close-cropped mustache, whom he met on the maiden trip of the Reading's first and only streamlined train, the *Crusader*.

A History of the Hudson Valley Railway, by David F. Nestle, has 52 pages, 8¼ x 11", illustrated, with staple binding. You can get it for $3 a copy from Felix E. Reifschneider, P.O. Box 88, Fairton, N.J. The Hudson Valley Railway largely the product of the Delaware & Hudson, which took over several small trolley lines in the summer resort area below Lake George and molded them into a sprawling 126-mile interurban system under the control of another subsidiary, the United Traction Co. of Albany, N.Y., with which it connected at Troy, N.Y.

The book has many fine photos in addition to detailed text material. It relates how D&H managed to overextend its promotion of a traction line into sparsely settled country from which it could receive good earnings only in the two summer months each year when vacationers came to the lake areas. From the start, HV lines did not make money. Losses were so huge that the 93 miles of track still operating were abandoned without ceremony Dec. 1, 1928.

Reprint of an 1880 brochure on San Francisco cable lines, entitled *San Francisco System of Wire Rope Street Rail Roads*, was published as issue No. 328 of *The Western Railroader*, P.O. Box 668, San Mateo, Calif. Its 16 pages include the story of the line, sketches of how the cables operate, and several full-page lithographed views. Price, 50¢ from *The Western Railroader*.

Three black and white litho prints, each 13 x 18", suitable for framing, of Brill builders' views of 1890-type trolleys built for Milwaukee Street Ry. are offered for $3 a set by Mid-Continent Railways Historical Society, Inc. with proceeds going toward restoring the museum trolleys at North Freedom, Wis. Contact Ken Olson, 2130 N. 20th St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53205, make out checks to the museum, marked "Wells Prints."

Portsmouth Electric Railway, by O. R. Cummings, issued as the Fall and Winter 1966 numbers of *Electric Traction Quarterly* by James D. Johnson, P.O. Box 52, Wheaton, Ill. 60187, consists of 52 pages, 8 x 11", with soft cover and staple binding. Price to non-subscribers from Mr. Johnson is $2.50.

Previously Mr. Cummings wrote profusely about traction lines to the south and north of the relatively small city of Portsmouth, N.H. This publication covers the city and suburban trolley lines of Portsmouth, built in 1899 by the Boston & Maine. Like many other steam railroad ventures into local traction lines, this operation was seldom profitable. It hardly held its own until World War I, after which it lost so much money that by 1925 the B&M abandoned it.

In all its years, the Portsmouth system was closely connected with the Concord-Manchester line, also owned by B&M, and equipment was occasionally transferred between these separate operations.

Ride Through the Garden of Canada, A Short History of the Hamilton, Grimsby & Beamsville Electric Railway, by William E. Blaine, 72 pages, 6 x 9", with soft cover and spiral binding, may be had for $2.50 from the author, 37 Garden Drive, Grimsby, Ont., Canada. To date almost nothing had ever been seen or written about the HG&B in Ontario between 1894 and 1931. But to add to Canadian heritage by producing single-handedly a history of these trolley lines, in the year of Canada's Centennial, the author has done a remarkable job when you consider that the writing, layout, printing, and binding of this book were all done by him alone, assisted financially only in the cost of materials.

Says he: "I wrote this book not to make money but because of my love of the rails, steam, traction or diesel." The book is a readable account of one of the first lines to be abandoned. Its 50 or so pages of photos are quite rare. Only 500 copies were printed, so it appears that this book will not be available very long.

Two single truck trolleys outside the Ferrocarril Guaqui-La Paz carbarn in Bolivia
All photos by author, 871 Aberdeen Road, Bay Shore, L. I., N.Y.

My Most Memorable Trolley Ride

by Allan H. Berner

DURING the past 25 years I've ridden trolley cars in hundreds of cities and towns from Rochester to Rio de Janeiro, from Brussels to Seoul, both broad and narrow gauge, PCC's and open types, cars with 4, 6, and 8 wheels, through teeming streets and over private rights-of-way. To me, as to most hobbyists in this field, each trolley line has its own personality, a distinctive character.

The galleries of my memory are hung with pictures of such subjects as a 40-year-old Birney bobbing along a rural track in Mexico, a shiny new articulated unit sweeping past and across Amsterdam canals, and a single-truck Brill squealing around dual-gauge curves in an old district of Kyoto. But a certain event in Bolivia stands out above all the rest.

I was spending a few days in the administrative capital of La Paz (the nation also has a constitutional capital Sucre), enjoying life in the world's loftiest capital, well over two miles up the Andes Mountains. The scenery there is breathtaking and includes snow-covered peaks over four miles above sea level.

Long ago, the Spaniards built La Paz in a protective bowl in the *altiplano* (tableland) running along the top of the Andes, to escape the bitter winds. The altiplano offers the only flat land in the area, so the airport is located there.

Indians in warm, colorful clothing labor up and down the steep, narrow cobble-stoned streets, some with burros or llamas at their side. The women wear characteristic derby hats. To visitors La Paz is a different world—time seem

Trolley tackles 7% grade above beautiful valley which shelters La Paz, on way to Titicaca, world's highest navigable lake.

to have passed Bolivia by.

A friend had put me in touch with the superintendent of a local British-owned railway, *Ferrocarril Guaqui-La Paz,* which connects with steamboats plying Titicaca, the world's highest navigable lake, 60 miles distant. Old steam locomotives and some self-propelled railcars operate between the lake and La Paz, but the 5-mile portion of the line between the edge of the altiplano and the city terminal, boasting 7 percent grades, is electrified with 600-volt trolley wire.

Most trains and railcars are helped up and down the electrified section of the meter-gauge line by wooden box motors (Brill, 1907) and a few by General Electric or English motors.

I think that the most fascinating pieces of equipment on that line were the single-truck streetcars (Brill, 1907) numbered 10, 11, and 12, all painted yellow. Large windowpanes have been broken into smaller panes (a favorite practice in Latin America, where glass is expensive), but the cars are otherwise in their original condition. They were bought specifically for non-revenue service on the electrified line. No. 12 pulls a tiny at car and serves as line car. No. 10, reserved for company officials, is the best maintained of all. No. 11 carries the railway workmen and also runs trips as a school car for employees' children. All have the standard longitudinal seats.

My second morning in La Paz dawned with the usual brilliant, unwarming Bolivian sun. I telephoned the superintendent to arrange to meet him and find out more about the railway. I was especially eager to learn whether or not the Bolivian Government would take over and nationalize the road.

The superintendent invited me to the company offices. I caught a taxi and rattled over there. On the way I passed an abandoned carbarn, in which still stand some small French streetcars that had served the city until abandonment about 15 years before. While chatting with the official, I learned that the Government did, indeed, aim to take control of the road, probably in the near future, and that if this were to happen the *ferrocarril* was not likely to last long after nationalization.

When Bolivia nationalized the railway running to the Pacific, some time ago, replacing the former personnel, an almost total breakdown followed, and the United States had to step in quickly to get things rolling again. In any event, the superintendent doubted that the electric operation had much future, due to the age of the equipment and the great expense to keep it running.

When I indicated an interest in the three streetcars he offered to let me ride old No. 10, then inactive, and in no time at all I was aboard that car with my camera. It was a private ride. A Bolivian Indian shopman raised her pole, which touched the wire with a bright flash, and took the controls. All Bolivian cars and locomotives are equipped with special brakes and gears for the harsh grades; the car's air compressor

Small windowpanes are common in Latin America because of high price of glass. Trolley hauls a line repair car.

promptly filled the tanks with a merry, almost nostalgic tune.

With a kick on the gong, we lurched out of the yard and onto the right-of-way. We were immediately on the up-grade, which continued for our entire outbound trip. As we approached a grade crossing, the motorman reached up to tug the whistle cord, which gave a long shriek, followed by a series of weaker ones as the sound bounced off nearby mountains. I could hardly believe my ears. The whistle was identical to those on New York's old elevated trains, which I remembered very well, and the echo recalled similar sounds in the man-made canyons of the city.

As you might imagine, the trip up was slow and noisy—pure ecstasy. The little car clunked over rail-joints and whined lower and lower as the grade increased. We were far above the city's roof tops, crawling up the edge of the bowl-like valley on a snaking single track. From the windows I had a magnificent view of La Paz and the Andes. The beauty was fantastic. That I was seeing it from an ancient Brill trolley car was almost beyond reason. I chuckled at being so fortunate.

A yelp of the whistle drew my attention to the track ahead. A domesticated llama had picked the right-of-way to stand on and admire the scenery. As the car drew up to the animal, it decided to move off, and a pull of the whistle cord helped in this decision. However, just as we rounded the next bend, three little children and their dog confronted us on the track. A light tap on the gong this time cleared the way.

The right-of-way is used as a convenient path for local citizenry from the altiplano to the city, and motormen must be on their guard. A few months before my visit, a streetcar had struck and killed a local derelict lying on the track one night. Word of the accident spread quickly, and an angry mob appeared at the scene. Only fast talking by railway personnel kept them from burning the car or pushing it over the embankment.

Just ahead now was a turnout. We rattled onto it with a swift jerk to the right, and the motorman told me in Spanish that we had to wait for a descending train. Already we heard an approaching whistle. In a few moments we saw a yellow Brill box motor pulling—or better, holding back—an English gas car. The grade was very steep at this point and the box motor labored to keep its descent slow, aided by a special gear arrangement with its motors and a third braking rail. The railcar was filled with tourists, many aiming cameras out the windows. It had met a steamer from Peru at Guaqui, on Lake Titicaca, four hours earlier.

After the brief train had pounded past, my motorman threw the switch and we were again on our way. I was now riding on the open front plaftorm with the motorman, chatting about this and that, and rubbernecking at the vistas. Suddenly we rocked to a halt. The motorman threw our car into reverse, without saying a word or swinging the pole around, and we backed down to the turnout, about a thousand feet away.

Soon we were again safely perched on the siding. He said he had spotted the line's huge English motor approaching a few curves up ahead. It had earlier pulled a freight train up to the altiplano and was deadheading downward. It was supposed to be right behind the box motor train but had been delayed leaving the top. Shortly it appeared and growled past our little car. Our windows trembled. I took a deep breath (which, in that rarified air didn't seem to have much effect) and watched my motorman again throw the switch. Later I learned that near-meets are not uncommon on the single track. There are no trackside signals.

The higher the trolley climbed, the more fabulous became the view. On the left I could see the entire city and countryside below. Past La Paz to the other side of the bowl lay mountains and more mountains, stretching off for perhaps a hundred miles. Sometimes on the right, often a stone's throw from the track, were perched tiny Indian hovels made of mud, wood, and paper. Warmly-clad little children scampered from behind boulders to gape at the trolley—and at me—as we lumbered past.

Near the top, where the trolley wire ends at a settlement called El Alto (The High One), the railway and the road run side by side. The motorman pointed out a serious landslide. The entire side of the bowl was washing into the valley thousands of feet below, endangering both the road and the track. The road had already lost its curbing on the outside, and when the road is gone the track will collapse. There is no place to relocate either one. Since it is half a mile to the valley floor at this point, and nearly a sheer cliff, any kind of bulkhead is out of the question. I asked the motorman what could be done. He shrugged his shoulders and said in Spanish, "Uncle Sam might do something."

The top, toward which we headed, was 13,300 feet above sea level, the world's highest point served by an electric passenger railway.

Soon we were at the top. I looked around at the desolate landscape. My jacket had been more than adequate down in La Paz, but at El Alto a chilly wind told me to get inside the trolley. We changed ends and began our return to the city below. The descent was every bit as inspiring as the trip up. Not far from the barn I looked up at the side of a nearby mountain to see two old steam engines doubleheading a freight up a steep grade on another Bolivian railroad. It made a beautiful sight, with black smoke billowing in the valley.

After No. 10 had been put to rest in the barn and its pole lowered, I walked over to thank the superintendent for the ride. As we were talking, a strange, off-beat chugging drew close. I learned that a small local road still used Shay locomotives and that one was passing. The road has trackage rights with *Guaqui-La Paz.*

I ran to the edge of the yard just in time to catch the rare engine and snap a photo of her running under trolley wire! I'm no steam fan, but I couldn't resist this oddity—a fitting finale to my most memorable trolley trip. ●

Shays are used to haul freight in La Paz because of steep grades. The city, two miles above sea level, is surrounded by snow-capped peaks towering twice that high!

Only two Pennsy K-4s in the regular pool of New York engines had auxiliary headlights—Nos. 3880 and 3806. These were not *Mars* lights as many fans thought. Engine 3880 is leaving Rahway, N.J., after changing from electric power, April 1954.

Bud Rothaar 757 Pierpont St., Rahway, N.J.

LOCAL WEST

fiction story by
CHARLES ANTHONY ROACH

ASIDE from women, the subject that Bob Stone liked to talk about most was his experience in teaching stupid "home guards" how to run trains on various and sundry pikes in the States and Canada.

Tall, lanky, and somewhere between youth and middle age, Bob was a boomer freight conductor on the Pawnee & Gopher Town. Fellow rails tagged him with the nickname "Windy" because he talked too much. At this moment his meager behind was resting uncomfortably on the end of a tie in the hot June sun while he chewed the fat with an engineer whose bronze face, high cheek bones, and straight black hair proclaimed an Indian strain in his blood. They were waiting on Prairie Dog siding for a meet with Number 6. The skipper was boasting as usual.

"I don't know what in hell's so tough about this pike," he said, cutting off a large slice of Navy plug tobacco with a Boy Scout knife he'd picked up at a hock shop in Winnipeg and stuffing it into his mouth. "And especially Number 24, the local west job outa Pawnee," he went on, "that every sonuvabitch and his brother seem to be dodgin.' Why, they're all hopin' that Old Frozen Face, trainmaster Ironwood, won't assign them to that run. Shows how dumb they are."

"Dumb like fox," grinned the hogger.

"I sure want that local west," said Windy. "From what I hear, there's a cute little blonde poundin' brass at Gopher Town. Real hot stuff. Big breasts and a fat rear end. She and me could go places." He sighed. "But, uh course, me bein' a new man and a boomer, Old Frozen Face wouldn't

JOE EASLEY

ever dream uh givin' me such a run."

The hogger brushed away a gnat. "Me know telegraph girl. Name's Edna. Hot stuff."

Number 6 whistled for Prairie Dog then, which prevented the boomer from making further remarks. He rose leisurely and stepped across the track to the eastbound side. The engineer climbed into the cab of the 173, oilcan in hand, and spoke to his fireman, who also was a halfbreed.

"Heap big windbag!"

His coal-heaver smirked understandingly. The engineer pulled the whistle cord as the head brakeman opened the passing-track switch. Two short blasts answered the shack's high sign, announcing that the freight was leaving the sidetrack.

Number 6 did not carry signals, so the clearance which the hogger had received when Six left was still in effect. He eased back on the throttle. Old 173 began to take slack out of her thirty-five cars.

As Conductor Stone walked across the main stem and stood waiting for the caboose lumbering toward him, the engineer, rolling slowly out of the passing track until the trainmen could climb on, kept his train moving. Then the crummy turned out.

He shut off steam and let 'em slide until the hind man closed the switch and highballed him. Nearly mid-afternoon, with the air clear and no grades to make, he opened the throttle for a fast run into Pawnee.

"This pike sure runs through Injun country," Windy murmured as he caught the caboose. "Plenty uh redskins in this crew."

The rear brakeman was a young brave named Bald Eagle. Windy gave him a monologue on how to put the local west over the division on time, a problem which he understood was giving the jitters to Trainmaster Ironwood as well as various train crews.

"Yuh see, Baldy," he unwound, "some conductors don't know how to handle their switchin' at depots so's they can get away before some old storekeeper or farmer rushes up to the agent and wants a car moved further back, or pulled out, or maybe a low car changed for a high one."

The shack listened in stoical silence as Windy rambled on and on.

"Small station people keep a local crew fussin' around like they had only two stops on the pike. Now, if *I* was on that run, Baldy, yuh'd see some fast work. Yuh'd see moves that'd leave the agents and natives gaspin' for weeks."

The boomer took time off from shooting the breeze to disgorge his cud of ill-smelling tobacco.

"Anybody could handle that local west job," he bragged. "It's the east run that does most of the switchin' and puttin' empties in sawmills and settin' the loads out handy for through trains tuh pick up. Yeah, I'll bet even you could show 'em how to do it, Baldy."

The halfbreed shook his head. Bald Eagle knew that run from personal experience and had sworn he'd quit the Pawnee & Gopher Town before he'd work it again.

"Say, buddy," the skipper asked confidentially, "do yuh know that young female operator at Gopher Town?"

"Me know all right. Edna is bad medicine. Very hard-boiled. Indians not want her and Edna not go out with white men. She never go out at all. She say men on this railroad are too soft."

"Oh, she does, eh?"

And there the subject was dropped. Bald Eagle kept a sharp lookout in the cupola while Conductor Stone plunged into his paper work. In due time they arrived at Pawnee. The operator there had a message for Windy and it read:

Conductor Stone. Due to shortage of experienced conductors, I am assigning you to local west out of Pawnee, effective June 19th, tomorrow morning. You will have time to familiarize yourself with the requirements. I am depending on you to take charge of a difficult run and give your best efforts—Robt. Ironwood, Trainmaster.

WINDY whooped joyously. He'd gotten the run he wanted, and a chance—just a chance, mind you—to make a play for Edna. So the dame at Gopher Town is tough, eh, and the railroaders are too soft? Well, from here on out, life is gonna be interesting.

The lightning slinger at Pawnee, the callboy, and the file clerk all stared as if they thought he'd gone nuts. None of them asked questions. The op was aware of what the message said, but his mental processes were his own and he merely looked wise. He knew about Edna, too, and that none of the boys had ever got to first base with her. Of course Windy didn't seek any advice from other men who'd been on the local west run. The boomer had too much faith in his own ability for that. He'd show 'em how to make time over the division—a feat that up till now nobody had ever accomplished.

Promptly at 6:30 next morning the callboy pounded on the door of his room in the Mesa Boarding-House, routed him out of a mosquito-infested bed and had him sign the book.

Windy was in an expansive mood. He put on a clean white shirt and new black string tie to look like a real conductor. Not that he expected to impress Edna or anything like that, but—well he felt that it would boost the morale of any railroad girl to see a skipper clad like a gentleman.

Out of the boarding-house he strutted, a derby hat cocked over one ear. His big black cigar made a fog like a woodburning engine whose firebox is filled with pine knots. The callboy hadn't given him the dope about where the train was being made up, so he stepped in the yardmaster's shanty to inquire. The bass voice of the Y.M. roared in reply:

"Local west is on track 3. Thirty-seven empty coal cars, stock cars, boxcars, and flats for enterprises along the line. You have four cars of peddler merchandise, and your crummy has just been dragged out of the shop. With all that information, you can make a stab at running the train."

The boomer conductor chuckled as he left the shanty. On his way to the yard office he figured out why the yardmaster had been so grouchy. On his very first train out of Pawnee, a few days before, Windy had tried to tell him how to make up a consist so the cars would be in station order for setting out at their destination.

"You're one of them guys," the official had retorted, "who knows it all. You run your train and I'll run the yards. Why, damn it, man, I'd have this garden sewed up tighter than a drum if I took time to have my crews make up a train like that."

Such grouchiness didn't faze Windy. He strode into the yard office as if he owned it, and asked loudly: "Where's the waybills and consist for Number 24, local west?"

With a fishy stare, the clerk jerked a thumb toward a box just inside the big window.

"In there, Stone! And you're it today."

Windy stared back with a grunt.

"Are you ready for your traveling papers?" asked the operator.

"Sure am, fix me up so I won't have tuh come back, kid, and I'll bring yuh a new toy to play with."

He finished off with a cloud of cigar smoke, but the lightning slinger seemed unimpressed. Feeling a hand on his shoulder, Windy turned to look down at a young runt grinning up at him.

"You Conductor Stone?"

"Yup. Whatdya want?"

"I'm Stubby Griggs, called to go out

with you on the local. Mr. Ironwood told me to help with the station work, seeing as how I know all the station tracks and grades. Which, as you know, might come in handy when you're cutting off a car or kicking out one for the main line. The other two brakemen signed for the local are new men, so that might give me the hind end —that is, if you don't object."

"Not at all, Stubby," the skipper said grandly. "We'll go over now. You take the bills to the rear end, and I'll have a talk with the hogger. I see we got Red Rand on the 1267 today. Soon as I have the dope we'll get goin'."

THE OPERATOR ambled over to the window with orders for the local west. He handed them to Windy, who signed with a flourish worthy of an op rather than a conductor. Windy then headed for the train and climbed into the little red schoolhouse long enough to get a pair of black sleeve protectors for his clean white shirt.

After that he ordered his head brakeman, Slinging Bull, a full-blooded Indian, to get the hog out of the roundhouse and couple her on, while the third shack, "Beanpole" Davis, rode the caboose so as to be handy to help in switching and handling freight. Stubby, being the hind brakeman, would pick up the switch lists and set out cars ordered for stations along the line.

The skipper now went to the smoky end and arrived about the same time Slinging Bull did with the 1267. Red Rand, a halfbreed, was sitting in the cab like a statue. He read the flimsies.

All meets were shown on the timecard. The local west, having no rights against trains running east, would have to protect against everything. It would be easy to hold a local if there was any chance of an opposing train arriving later than designated on the timecard or order. The dispatcher might help—but "might" was the correct word.

"Okay, Stone," the throttle-jerker said, "Me ready when Number 3 arrives. Me sick of watching conductors pull boners and delay train with endless switching moves."

The boomer threw out his manly chest, reached for his watch, and asked to compare time. Then he said:

"Yuhr worries are over, Mr. Rand. No boners on this run. Uh course, some rails get balled up on switchin' moves, but we're gonna make a trip on schedule for once. Yes, sir, on the advertised!"

Red guffawed.

"Yuh needn't laugh," the skipper said patiently. "I've heard plenty about local west never gettin' in with less than four or five hours overtime. If the dispatcher don't tie us up some place, we'll be slidin' into Gopher Town right on the dot."

After delivering this oration, he climbed off the engine. Just then Number 3 whistled for town and roared in amid dust and smoke, a highstepping 2-8-0 with mail cars and two sleepers strung behind her like a comet's tail. Windy waved a highball to Red Rand.

After two short blasts, the local started moving, on time. Red leaned out of the cab. When he saw that the long-legged windbag was on, he opened her up for all she was worth and the old horse went galloping out of Pawnee.

Back in the crummy, the boomer began separating waybills and orders.

"Hey!" he called up to Stubby, who was riding in the cupola. "I got one for you. Arrowhead wants two stock cars spotted at the chute for hogs."

Stubby said, "Okay." Then he headed for the engine, while Windy kept shifting bills and figuring moves. Suddenly the latter pulled out his timepiece and stared at it. Arrowhead was only six miles out of Pawnee, and after twenty minutes on the run Red still hadn't whistled for the station.

Windy leaped to his feet, climbed up to the cupola, and made another discovery. The train was rolling along at a good speed—but the engine and head end were not in sight! Either the train had parted or something else failed.

He darted out the window and ran along the top until he came to the first coal cars. Then he clambered down and began running over end gates toward the last car. Three cars from the end he found the brakes set.

Then he realized Stubby must have decided to cut off the two stock cars and make a drop of them, thinking, perhaps, to spot the cars more quickly than by cutting off and backing them into the chute after a station stop.

Windy was on the last car watching disconsolately for his head end and the entire crew as his section rolled around a curve a half-mile from Arrowhead.

THERE stood the engine in the stock track with part of the train attached. Coupled to the front end were two empty stock cars, both on the ties. Windy ran back and began setting brakes to stop the rest of the train before it rolled down on the hog and fouled the main stem.

Red whistled for brakes. The skipper wound them up and ran for another. His efforts were useless, though, for the last car behind the engine didn't quite clear the main. The result was a sideswiped boxcar and a coal car made ready for the rip track, with one side almost torn off.

When the section was brought to a stop, Windy was off and on the ground running forward.

He found Stubby placing frogs under one of the stock cars. The hind brakeman was scared as he tried to explain.

"I was gonna drop these damn cars in here and spot 'em before the rear end caught up with us," he chattered. "But the section boss has put a new derail in here to keep trainmen from blocking the passing track where they leave cars in the stock track. I didn't see it in time. But we'll get the cars on soon and it won't delay us long."

Stubby Griggs peered up at his conductor through drops of perspiration.

Windy asked, "Why the devil didn't yuh wait until we stopped at the depot and then back them in?"

"Because there's a bad-order car set in on the passing track and it blocks the stock track, too. I saw it last night when I came in on Fifty-seven. The drawhead is pulled out on the west end, so we couldn't handle it. Damn thing was setting up here in the east end of the passing track, tying up both tracks."

"Well," said Windy, scratching his head, "we've sure made a lousy start."

Thoughts of the blonde telegrapher at Gopher Town crossed his mind. He'd never seen her, of course, but had a pretty good idea what she was like from the gossip he'd heard. Hard as nails, cool and efficient, but probably not a virgin. Shapely as hell, though. That was her main selling point.

But right now work had to be done, so he pushed erotic notions out of his mind. After instructing Beanpole Davis to get a flag and protect the rear end, he meandered up to the engine.

"Our first timecard meet," Red narrated, "is with Number 17. She's running in two sections, scheduled to arrive at 9:42 a.m. It's now eight. We have to get this mess cleaned up and be in the clear for her here, if I'm any expert. What do you think, Stone?"

The skipper's noble brow wrinkled in thought for a few seconds.

"That gives us about two hours for the wreckin' job and station work," he said. "unless we can do better. We may be able to get help from the dispatcher, and go to Crag for the meet."

Windy hastened to the depot. He reported to the dispatcher that he had two cars on the ties and would not be ready

to leave for some time. Then, back at the derailed cars, he worked until they were on the rails again and coupled to the bad-order car, which had a good drawhead in one end. After that, he had Stubby shove the three cars down the stock track and spot one for loading, leaving the BO still coupled onto the next stock car west.

The conductor signaled for Red to call in his flagman. Without waiting for Beanpole to get back, he set about his station work and asked for orders. Two hours and seven minutes had already been lopped off his scheduled time.

The unfeeling Indian hogger guffawed over the situation every time Windy got near enough to hear him. Red was a sarcastic old coot who was quick to enjoy a good joke on a brother rail but boiled all over when you tried to poke fun at anything he himself did.

WELL, the dispatcher gave them a meet order with Number 17 at Crag and annulled second Number 17. Windy valiantly undertook to make up for the lost time. He wouldn't want that efficient gal at Gopher Town to get the idea that he'd made a mess of running Number 24, the local west.

As soon as they pulled at Crag, he hit the old depot platform running and rushed through his station chores. They were ready to highball when Number 17 rolled through the town, a flash of shining metal, and vanished with a dimuendo roar of thunder.

Thereupon the local west sprang out of Crag like a bobcat and was soon stopping at Pawpaw. Three coal cars were required for a small mine set back in the pine woods a mile from the Pawpaw station. Stubby dropped the cars by the engine and shoved them onto the spur and up toward the coal pit. Meanwhile, Windy and Slinging Bull attended to the local work, and soon they were all set to leave.

Glancing toward the mine, the skipper saw Stubby coming out on a fast trot. That boy was sure picking them up and laying them down. The rear brakeman was panting as he yelled:

"Got all the empties in the mine all right, Mr. Stone, but one load is off the track about a half-mile from here. She's on a little trestle, and if Red starts to give slack so I can run her off and up here, I'm afraid the damned load will turn over. So I left the hogger there holding onto her. What do you say?"

Windy swore like a lion tamer. Then: "Okay, let's notify the dispatcher where we are and then go back tuh wreckin'."

The local west lost another precious hour at Pawpaw in rerailing that stubborn coal car and getting out to the high iron again. They were now three hours behind the timecard.

Windy was a bit sore, but Red Rand was becoming more and more amused, not to say hilarious. When the conductor reported he was prepared to go, the delayer handed him a wait order for an extra east. Another fifteen minutes gone! Wouldn't Edna have a field day if she heard the details of this run?

Then, after the extra had shown up and Windy had asked for a clearance, DS gave him a meet with another extra at a place called Totem Pole, sixteen miles away, but with only seventeen minutes to get there. Red doubted he could make it on such short notice, so Conductor Stone called for more time. The dispatcher then slipped him a wait order for the extra at Pawpaw. Twenty minutes more shot to hell!

Windy was glum and he growled to Red: "All the trouble on this local is through the dispatcher. He don't give us half a chance. What would be the harm in delayin' an extra for a minute or two to help us over the pike?"

Red shrugged, lit his old pipe, and puffed without replying. He was getting the usual complaint from conductors who tried to run the troublesome local out of Pawnee. Anyway, after the extra had arrived and gone, Windy requested a clearance. The dispatcher wired him an okay to Totem Pole. Windy tore through the depot there, had no further bad luck that he knew of, and asked for orders to proceed.

THE DISPATCHER issued a clearance to Wampum; and when the local west arrived there it was three hours and twenty minutes of schedule.

"Might have been worse," grumbled the boomer, again thinking of the big-breasted blonde as he unloaded to do the station chores. Stubby and Beanpole were tossing freight out of a car when the skipper called for a bale of barbed wire. They found the wire and rolled it to the car door.

"Drop it on the platform!" ordered Windy. "It won't break."

No, the wire didn't break, but in some manner it became loose and started to uncoil like the spring of an old clock. Its weird whizzing sound was accompanied by a yell. The unfortunate conductor had become enmeshed in the writhing, wriggling bale of loose barbed wire!

Red strolled over to view the scene. A smile of genuine delight illuminated his homely Indian mug as he hollered: "'Smatter, Windy, practicing for a circus? Wouldn't it be fun if little Edna could see you now?"

The hogger made no move to help; but Beanpole Davis, Stubby Griggs, Slinging Bull, the station agent, the section boss and a couple of farmers who had been loafing on the depot platform grabbed the loose wire in an effort to release the hapless boomer, but at every effort he screeched more vociferously.

At length the section foreman gripped the wire that was closest to his lanky figure and the other men began unwinding it from his body. When Windy was finally clear of the coils, his face was scratched and bleeding. His shirt was shredded like a certain whole wheat breakfast food. His derby was smashed. His trousers seat was almost gone and his sunny disposition was slightly askew. All in all, he looked like the wreck of the Old 97.

He hoped that when he finally arrived at Gopher Town, the female lightning slinger with the generous-sized can would be taking a day off or be away on vacation. He'd hate like hell to barge into her office looking like this. But he knew damned well that she'd be right there on the job when he showed up.

Anyhow, he pulled himself together. Slinging Bull and Stubby pushed the wire gingerly off the platform in a huge bundle, and the skipper interrupted his swearing long enough to ask the dispatcher for a clearance. DS gave him the road as far as Loon Lake. Windy tossed a high sign, and Slinging Bull took the clearances to the smoky end.

While they were hitting the high spots to the next stop, Conductor Stone put the time to good use by patching his nose, chin, and one ear with sticking plaster. He used a pair of old overalls to hide his rear extremities, while a denim jumper replaced what had once been a fine clean shirt.

The change made a different man of him. When Stubby announced that the switching at Loon Lake was done, the skipper heaved a sigh.

"Only three hours and twenty-five minutes late so far!" he groaned.

Red's four short blasts on the whistle drew attention to business. Number 2 West was close behind him. Windy asked for orders. The dispatcher handed him a clearance to make Prairie Dog for Number 37 East, also orders to get in the clear for Number 2.

With this dope, the battered conductor ran over to the engine and rode her into the scraggly settlement that went under the name of Prairie Dog. Upon arriving there, he saw that the passing

Indian Railways also have passenger traffic problems, but they are different from ours.

track was already occupied by Number 37, a train so long that it not only filled the siding but overflowed onto the main line as well.

Windy grimaced across the cab to Red Rand. "A case of sawin' by," he said "That delayer sure knows his stuff when gettin' us in a tight spot."

As Thirty-seven rolled by, her fat hogger leaned out of his cab window and yelled: "Who's the brains on local west today? Ha, ha, ha!"

Red laughed back at him.

THE BOOMER CON, seething both inwardly and outwardly, dropped off at the station, went inside and got the dope about the coal mine's needs. It seemed they required nine empty cars; but Windy had only seven to give them, so seven it had to be.

The hogger pulled down the main far enough to let Number 2 follow him and clear Thirty-Seven. As soon as the rails were free, Slinging Bull swung off the engine, closed the west switch, and signaled Red to back in on the passing track to clear Two.

It was now 12:42 p.m. They had lost an additional twenty-three minutes "sawing by" Numbers 2 and 37. This meant three hours and forty-eight minutes behind the time scheduled on the card—and they were only halfway over the division! Conductor Stone exploded then, telling Beanpole what he thought of a certain dispatcher on the P&GT Railway.

But timecard or no timecard, there were certain bread-baskets to be filled, and Windy's was one of them. So he decided to eat at the beanery across the street from the Prairie Dog depot. He told the dispatcher he would stay there for local east, which he knew could not be far away. DS okayed his plan. When Red Rand and Slinging Bull showed up, the boomer waved them over and they all went for lunch.

Since the fireman had brought along his own grub, he stuck on the 1267, cleaned his fire and ashpan, and then dug into the well-stocked food bucket.

While the gang was stowing away hamburgers, canned string beans, canned corn, home-fried potatoes, bread and oleomargarine, Java, evaporated cream, and blackberry pie, the local east rolled in, delivered her freight, and sped on her way. Local west was, of course, still on the passing track.

At length the crew leisurely filed out of the beanery picking their teeth or smoking cigars. Windy was thinking with dismay of the beat-up figure he'd cut when he came face to face with the mysterious Edna for the first time.

He reduced the length of his train by delivering cars at Prairie Dog, and now there were only eighteen cars left to handle. The delayer gave him a good break from there on, so there was relatively little trouble over the rest of the division.

It was nearly sunset when the local west finally rumbled into Gopher Town and tied up for the night. Two Indian braves had ridden into town on horseback to see the train.

Besides the unavoidable injury to his prestige over failure to make the time, Windy's patches and shabby raiment gave him the look of a scarecrow.

When he turned in his bills and signed the time of arrival, the young operator named Edna sized him up with an air that might be described as supercilious.

Edna was everything that the boomer con had been led to expect. A peroxide blonde and plenty tough. But pretty as hell. Greenish eyes that blazed with mirth, full red lips, and a smile like a sunburst. A few inches of bare breasts showed temptingly through the V-neck in her lavender blouse. The breast twins themselves were plump, so were the twins she sat down on, but the rest of her shape was slim and willowy. During her rather short tenure on the Pawnee & Gopher Town Railway, all this voluptuousness had been going to waste, for the girl operator had never been known to give any of the railroad boys a tumble.

Arching her thinly penciled eyebrows, she inquired sweetly, "Are you Conductor Stone?"

The boomer was in a touchy mood but quickly melted. "Yeah, sister, I'm Conductor Stone, and what about it?"

THE TOUGH young thing uttered a rippling musical laugh. She fished around the desk and handed him a lengthy message, typed on company stationery, and signed "Robt. Ironwood, Trainmaster." Windy took the paper, walked outside with it, mumbling to himself as he went, and read:

Conductor Stone, Gopher Town.

Supt. T. Wyatt advises you be pulled out of service this day and date on account today's record with local west. The following reports turned into this office are the cause of this order:

***At Arrowhead:* Derailed two cars, dropping them into stock track, which is a spur. Fouled them at chute so local east lost time switching out bad-order car you had left in stock spur, in order to load hogs. Side-swiped boxcar and coal car, damage serious.**

***At Pawpaw:* Derailed loaded coal car through negligence in not observing slow order over trestle with washout cribbing. Water car of bridge gang picked up for refilling at Prairie Dog, to be returned on local east, still in your train. Overnight, perhaps!**

***At Totem Pole:* Allowed your engine, No. 1267, too far back in lumber yard, thus damaging shed and engine cab. Also filled warehouse track with loaded coal cars, while farmer had team between two buildings getting implements, thus blocking their egress. Agent had to hire other teams and men to pull cars out of warehouse track to release trapped team.**

***At Wampum:* Car shoved over bumping post and left there. This car was picked up by local east after pulling on rails. Caused delay of 25 minutes to local east.**

***At Prairie Dog:* Your engine, No. 1267, was permitted to run over scales, putting same out of commission. Engine crew cleaned ashpan near cattle guard, setting same on fire. Did not cut Indian Valley Railway crossing while switching, thus delaying one of their trains 30 minutes.**

The above violations of rules add up to 963 brownies against your record. According to the Brown system of discipline in force on the P&GT, only 60 demerit marks per year are allowable against any one employee. Enclosed find wire pass, your transportation to Pawnee.

Windy looked up from the document. There was fire in his blue eyes, while his Adam's apple worked up and down like a snake trying to swallow an egg. He glanced at the operator, who had casually followed him outside and was watching him with sudden interest.

"Go ahead and say it, Big Boy!"

Thereupon he let loose. A past master of diatribe and cuss words, the boomer really outdid himself on this occasion, giving special attention to Old Frozen Face, and he wound up with;

"Yuh can't teach halfbreeds how tuh railroad when they got a dumb, brainless, incompetent, lousy, knock-kneed dispatcher. But why in hell should I worry? There's plenty more jobs on damsite better pikes."

"Now that," purred the hard-boiled blonde, "is how I like to hear a man talk. I'm pullin' outa here, too, brother, an' I might ge goin' your way."

Windy's troubles vanished like dew at sunrise. A friendly smile on Cupid's-bow lips had pushed Number 24, the local west, into the limbo of things a thousands miles from nowhere. He glanced boldly at the crevice in the undulating pinkish-white patch of bare breasts.

"You're damn good-lookin,' " he said.

Edna answered frankly: "You're not —right now. But I don't mind the stickin' plaster at all. If you'll dig up some decent rags maybe me an' you can have dinner together. Whatdaya say?"

The boomer tore up the neatly typed official message. Pieces of white paper fluttered to the prairie breeze.

"Okay, Edna," he said. "Be ready in about forty-five minutes." ●

How to get rich

How can you get rich some day? Make a hit record . . . a killing on the stock market . . . or invent a gadget like the hula hoop?

For most of us, these are just dreams. But have you ever stopped to think that there *is* a way to get rich—possibly only one sure way? Most fortunes, as you know, are made by people who own their own business.

Perhaps you've thought of starting a small business of your own . . . a franchised drive-in, or maybe a service business. Trouble is, you need $10,000 to $15,000 to get started and even then it's a gamble—with slim chance of ever making really big money.

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The thrill of receiving money in your mail is one you'll never tire of!

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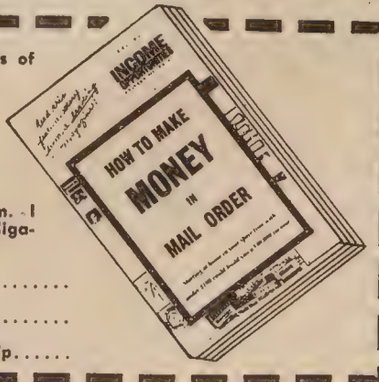

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Fort Worth & Denver Railway

Present-day locomotive roster compiled by Sy Reich

Road Numbers	HP	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arrngt.	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Note
601 (1st)	1000	Cummins	—	?	?	?	?	1
601 (2nd)	600	GM-EMD	SW1	B-B	24,000	201,165	1940	2
602	600	GM-EMC	SW1	B-B	24,000	202,064	1939	
603	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	31,200	250,400	1941	
604	600	GM-EMD	SW1	B-B	24,000	197,600	1942	
605-606	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	31,200	249,900	1946	
607-610	1200	GM-EMD	SW1200	B-B	35,600	245,320	1959	
750A, D-752A, D	1500	GM-EMD	F7A	B-B	32,500	232,500	1950	3
750B, C-752B, C	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	32,500	232,500	1950	3
850-857	1500	GM-EMD	SD7	C-C	67,000	316,300	1953	
858-860	1500	GM-EMD	SD7	C-C	67,000	316,300	1953	
9980A	2000	GM-EMD	E5A	A1A-A1A	21,400	315,750	1940	4
9980B	2000	GM-EMD	E5B	A1A-A1A	21,400	310,690	1940	
9981A, B	2250	GM-EMD	E8A	A1A-A1A	27,000	335,466	1952	

Roster is based on data from FW&D's mechanical superintendent and is accurate as of July 13, 1967. Locomotive builders: GM-EMC, General Motors-Electro Motive Corp.; GM-EMD, General Motor-Electro Motive Div.

(1) 601 (1st) was orginally Wichita Valley 101, then FW&D 601 (1st), then Northeast Oklahoma 601. It was sold to Iron & Steel Products Co. 9/26/46.

(2) 601 (2nd) was originally Chicago, Burlington & Quincy 9146, then Colorado & Southern 155, then FW&D 601 (2nd).

(3) 750A, B-752A, B, 750C, D-752C, D are drawbar-coupled-into locomotives with (B-B) x (B-B) wheel arrangements. 750A rebuilt to F9A. (4) 9980A was scrapped.

Shortlines of Idaho

Present-day locomotive roster compiled by Sy Reich

Road Numbers	HP	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arrngt.	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Note
Camas Prairie Railroad								
This shortline owns no locomotives.								
Nezperce Railroad								
11-12	?	Plymouth	ML8	?	17,500	70,000	?	1
Spokane International Railroad								
200-205	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	62,250	249,000	1949	2
206-208	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	61,850	247,400	1949	2
209-211	1000	Alco-GE	RS-1	B-B	61,225	244,900	1953	2
Washington, Idaho & Montana Railway								
30	660	Alco-GE	S3	B-B	58,920	196,400	1950	3
66	660	Alco	HH 660	B-B	?	?	1939	4

These rosters are based on data from UP's general superintendent of motive power and machinery and SI's general manager and are accurate as of second quarter, 1967. For the purpose of our rosters, a shortline is defined as a common carrier listed in either the Official Guide or the Pocket List of Railway Officials, or both, which has a route mileage less than 400. Locomotives builders: Alco-GE, American Locomotive Co.-General Electric Co.; Alco, American Locomotive Co. Tractive effort and weight are stated in pounds.

(1) Nezperce 12 is ex Detroit Harbor Terminal.

(2) SI 200-211 are leased to Union Pacific, renumbered UP 1211-1222.

(3) WI&M 30 was sold to Tacoma Municipal Belt, renumbered 907.

(4) WI&M 66 was originally Minneapolis & St. Louis D939, then M&SL 66, then WI&M 66. Its disposition is unknown to us.

Pen Pals Wanted

David Cohen (23), 596 W. 13th Avenue, Vancouver 9, B.C., Canada, wants male or female pen pals from California.

Donald J. Coyne, 999 Hopewell Rd., South Glastonbury, Connecticut 06073, wants to hear about travel in Mexico and Spain.

Zdenek Jesina (24), railman, Nova Ves u Ceskych, Budejovic 29, okres Ceske Budejovic, Czechoslovakia, will correspond with stamp collectors.

Charles Henry, Jr., 2820 Bailey Avenue, Bronx, N.Y. 10463, wants to hear from North American Indians.

Wayne Mantyka (14), 826 River St. West, Prince Albert, Sask., Canada, wants pen pals in the U.S.A.

John Mosher (25), 1728 Mayfair, Emporia, Kansas 66801.

Norma Jean Fletcher (16), 13212 S. 5th Street, Grand View, Missouri 64030.

Sheila Boswell (14), 105 Second Street, De Quincy, Louisiana 70633.

Teddy Campbell (14), Box 1094, Port O'Connor, Louisianna 77982.

Doris Dickson (19), 610 Railroad, Hamlet, Indiana 46532.

Mary Ellen Johnson (22), 1353 Bradford, Stockton, California 95205.

Susan Manley (14), 25 Pawnee Parkway, Buffalo, N.Y. 14210.

Bert Williston, Jr. (41), 109 Greenvale Avenue, East Weymouth, Massachusetts 02188.

Sandra LaCroix (15), 6352 Pauline Drive, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Nancy Lundquist (14), 3100 N.E. Edwards Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55418.

William Beaverson, RD 2, Red Lion, Pennsylvania 17356.

Vicki Carman, 111 Dora Street, Memphis, Tennessee 38122.

Coming Events

Nov. 11-12: Inspect Union Pacific line between Los Angeles and Las Vegas. Write Orange Empire Trolley Museum. Box 548, Perris, Calif. 92370.

Dec. 16-31: "Mexico by Rail." First of new series lv. San Francisco. Write Wampler Tours, Box 45 Berkeley, Calif. 94701.

Feb. 11-25: "Mexico Fun-Train Railfan Trip" lv Oklahoma City, ride U.S. and Mexican trains plu a narrow-gage. All-expense, $395. Write Howar B. Thornton, Midwest Travel Service, 2936 Bell Vista, Midwest City, Okla. 73110.

Feb. 22-25: "Las Vegas Holiday" incl. 1800 mile via WP, UP, AT&SF, sponsored by Pacific Coas Chapter of R&LHS. Contact Arthur Lloyd, 97 Pleasant Hill Rd., Redwood City, Calif. 94061.

Niagara Falls one-day rail tours leave fro Windsor, Canada, $10.50. For dates write Emarc Tours, P.O. Box 326, Royal Oak, Mich. 48068.

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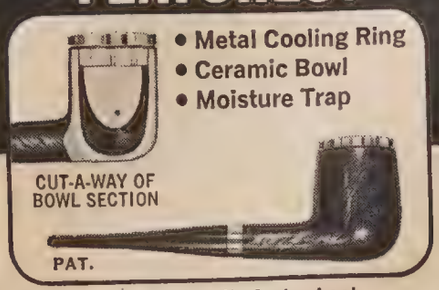

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Constance J. Card reviews NEW BOOKS OF THE RAILS

PULLMAN PANORAMA, Vol. 1, compiled by Robert J. Wayner, 186 pages, 8¼ x 10¾" soft cover with photo of Pullman observation car, introduction with brief history, Wayne Publications, Box 871, Ansonia Station, New York, N.Y. 10023, $4.75.

Bob Wayner sums up the purpose of his latest book, in the introduction: "With this volume we begin a journal of Pullman car and passenger train history and operation. We would like to accomplish in this field what the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society has done for the steam locomotive and early railway: to preserve detailed historical information that might otherwise be destroyed or lost.

Pullman Company had centennial Feb. 22, 1967. At one time nearly 10,000 sleeping, parlor, and club cars ran in Pullman service, and there were few places of consequence they did not serve. Yet no comprehensive record of the construction, rebuilding, and disposition of this huge armada of land cruisers has ever before been compiled. Working from Pullman Company records as well as from the notebooks of private historians, we have formed a nearly complete all-time roster of the cars Pullman has owned or operated."

Bob has begun this first of four volumes with 1910, the year when Pullman began to mass-produce its heavy weight steel coaches, because prior to this only fragmentary records exist. His book deals specifically with sleeping and lounge cars from 1910 to 1931. Future volumes will give attention to later cars and to 19th century Pullman equipment as well as that of the Wagner, Mann, Woodruff, and other sleeping car companies absorbed by Pullman. The rosters are clearly printed and well-organized by construction plan and lot numbers. Exhaustive research has gone into making them accurate.

Niagara Stack Talk

After some absence, your record reviewer is back with a new review: *Niagara Stack Talk Vol. I*, $4.95 from Pilot to Tender Records, 3630 Sepulveda Blvd., Box 251, Los Angeles, Calif. (Calif. residents add 4 percent tax), which features NdeM's belatedly famous 4-8-4's. Doug Brown, a young California fan, culled this record from many hours of tapes he made last winter aboard 4-8-4-powered freights, both in the cab and on gondola cars.

There's some first-rate throttle work as the hogger keeps his struggling charge right on the edge of losing her feet (with a few slipping spasms) on 3 percent grades, an interesting moment when the crashing exhaust suddenly goes soft in a long tunnel, and good, solid, down-in-the-corner slogging that'll take you right back to your favorite road's ruling grade in steam days, particularly on side 1. Much of the flip features a doubleheader fighting the hills and moving at a fairly good clip in flat country. You hear little whistling—none at all on side 1—and a few plain crossing blows by a high-pitched, switch-engine-type chimer on the last couple of cuts.

Notes are detailed enough, but somewhat confusing, and are on a mimeographed sheet which could easily be lost, instead of on the jacket where they belong. Editing is a little amateurish, with sequences chopped off abruptly. An amazing thing about this album was that it was actually recorded in North America, in 1967.

A suggestion to record producers: how about an album of trackside and on-train recordings of Southern Railway Mike 4501? Please include a color photo of that beautiful green paint. The 4501, in our opinion, ties with Strasburg's D16 as the most interesting steamer running in the U.S. today.—*Howard Shottenfeld.*

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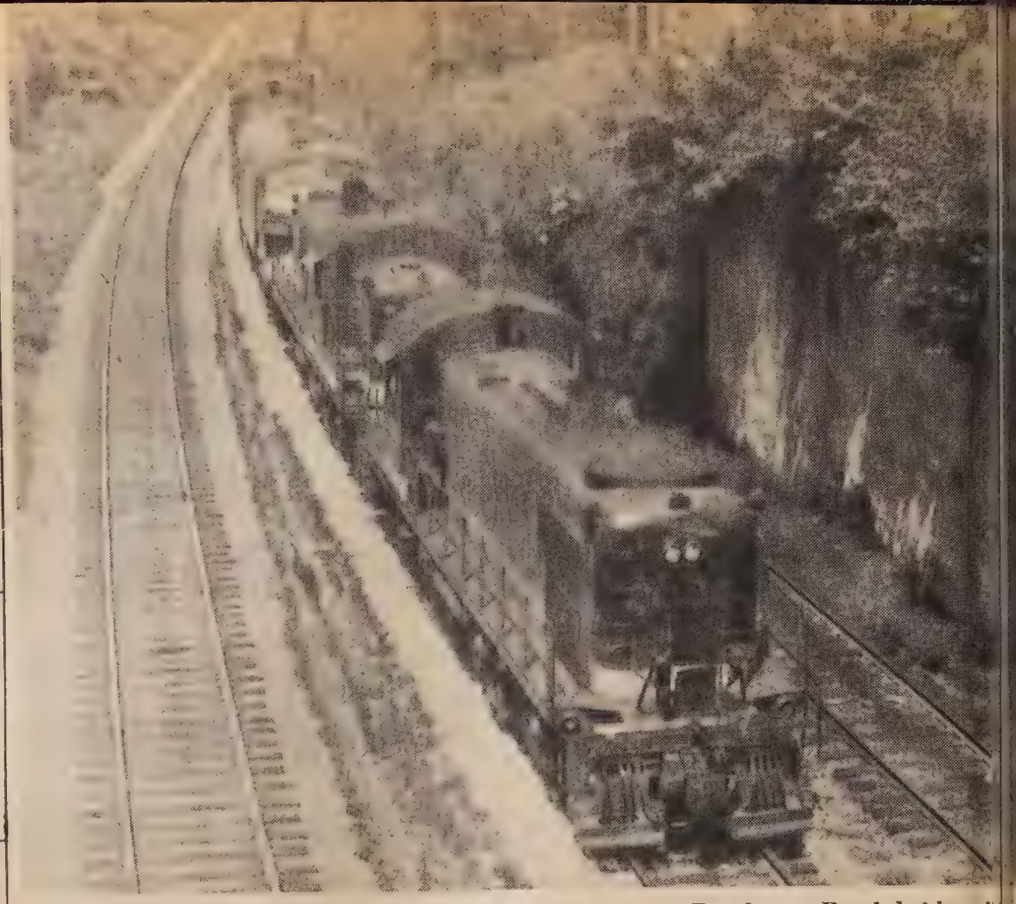

Southern Railway's *Peach Queen*, photographed from Peachtree Road bridge i Atlanta, Ga., is southbound with eight diesel units: four Alcos and four EMD' Jim Belden, 719 Atlanta St., Smyrna, Ga. 3008

HOBBY CLUB

Conducted by Sy Reich

RECENTLY Larry Plummer asked for info. on Missouri Pacific loco No. 1729, which had steam cylinders under the tender as well as driving wheels on the front trucks of the tender. The plea is answered by Walter M. Adams, chief clerk to Arkansas Division supt. of the MP, 3609 Lakeshore Dr., North Little Rock, Ark. 72116. He says the boosters were designed and built at Bethlehem, Pa., and probably installed by MP at its Sedalia, Mo., shops.

Sy Reich

"She was listed for switch service and had no automatic stoker," he writes. "I don't know when the boosters were applied, how long they were used, or when they were removed. I do know that the series, 1720-1729, were used between Kansas City and Omaha in through freight. When the MP's Western District was dieselized in the early '50's, those locos were transferred to North Little Rock and used in drag freight until scrapped about two years later. Here they were equipped wi conventional trailer boosters and had total tractive effort of 96,000 lbs.

"The Akansas Division has no heav grade conditions and those locos we never assigned a tonnage rating—ju hang anything on them and they woul handle it. No. 1729, with the tend booster, had a tractive effort of 111,60 pounds, which was plenty."

Setouts and Pickups

We are compiling present-day roste of the Great Northern and Iowa shor lines for publication next month.

Another new steam excursion lin the Wawa & Concordville, was ded cated last summer at its headquarter the Concordville station on Static Road off Pennsylvania Rte. 322. It five miles of rural track, rented fro the Pennsylvania Railroad, are part Pennsy's old Octoraro branch, built 1854 as an agricultural and passeng line. Most W&C engineers are old ho gers from the Octoraro. The new lir has two oilburning locos, seven ope air coaches, and some convention coaches. Hostesses are garbed in turn of-the-century costumes.

Retired conductor and author B Knapke, 3831 E. Flower Ave., Tucso Ariz. 85716, gave a talk the other da

IS YOUR HAIR GROWING OR GOING?

Stand in front of a mirror. Take a long hard look at the top of your head. Do you have as much hair as one year ago? Do you see any new hair growth?

If your answer is no, it is important that you take steps today to save the hair you now have. If you act now, you may be able to reverse the trend on your head. You may be able to grow new hair faster than it is falling out. Doesn't that make sense to you? Wouldn't you like to look in the mirror a year from now and see more hair on your head than you see now? Why lose your hair if you don't have to?

CAN YOU SAVE YOUR HAIR?

Every year thousands of men and women go bald — needlessly — because of a scalp infection. This scalp infection is called seborrhea. Doctors say that three germ organisms cause seborrhea: staphyloccocus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and microbacillus. These germs attack the sebacious glands and the hair follicles themselves. If not checked, permament damage is done. The hair follicles atrophy, lose their ability to produce new hairs. The result: premature baldness.

You can easily tell if you are a victim of seborrhea. If you have itchy scalp, dandruff, hair loss, very dry or oily scalp, the chances are that you have seborrhea. Neglect these symptoms and you invite baldness.

Treat your scalp to Ward's Formula. This amazing scalp medicine quickly controls seborrhea and stops the hair loss it causes.

Here's the Proof!

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.
E. K., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the *most* help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.
C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.
R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—*no dandruff!* *W. T. W., Portola, Cal.*

I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.
J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss, for which neither the Ward treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

In seconds, Ward's Formula kills the three parasitic germ organisms retarding normal hair growth. This swift germicidal action has been proven in scientific tests by a world-famous testing laboratory (copy of laboratory report sent on request). Ward's removes infectious dandruff, stops scalp itch, brings hair-nourishing blood to the scalp, tends to normalize very dry or oily scalp. In brief Ward's Formula corrects the ugly symptoms of seborrhea, stops the hair loss it causes. Ward's Formula has been tried by more than 550,000 men and women on our famous Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee. Only 1.9% of these men and women were not helped by Ward's and asked for their double refund. This is truly an amazing performance.

Why not join the men and women who have successfully ended their troubles? Treat your scalp with Ward's Formula. *Try it at our risk.* In only 10 days you must see and feel the marked improvement in your scalp and hair. Your dandruff must be gone. Your scalp itch must stop. Your hair must look thicker, more attractive, and alive. Your excessive hair loss must stop. You must be completely satisfied—in only 10 days—with the improved condition of your scalp and hair, or simply return the unused portion for Double Your Money Back. So why delay? Delay may cost your hair.

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Doctors and hospitals can obtain professional samples of Ward's Formula on written request.

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Canadian, foreign, add 50 cents — No C.O.D.

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Remember the halcyon days when steam ruled the steel of North America? Here is Santa Fe engine 3450 with a troop train running as 2nd 23, the *Grand Canyon*, at Caliente, Calif., on joint Southern Pacific-Santa Fe track, Aug. 18, 1950.
Stan Kistler, Box 4068, Pasadena, Calif.

at a meeting of the Tucson Chapter of the National Railway Historical Society. He recalled some experiences on the boomer trail—fast runs, wrecks, train orders, odd characters, and the like—and mentioned his caboose book which is just about due off the press. The members gave him a rousing reception, provided a "belated" cake in honor of his 98th birthday last July 17th, and invited him to address them again in the near future.

After collecting engines and passenger cars for years, Dr. James R. Arneill, Dr. John Birmingham, and Mrs. Marion Birmingham, of Cripple Creek, Colo., now own an operating railroad. They launched the Cripple Creek & Victor Narrow Gauge last June, and by mid-August had accommodated 9,000 fare-paying riders. Passengers next summer should get a longer ride; CC&VNG track, on the old Midland right-of-way, is being pushed south to the town of Victor. Gold spike ceremonies will mark the first through trip. The new road owns a 1927 Porter locomotive bought from a Mexican mining company 3 years ago and a German 0-4-4-0 built in 1902, which may be in service next year. The right-of-way features a 50-foot trestle, three cuts, and scenic views.

A motion picture, *Expo Express*, describes the design, construction, and operation of the first automatic rapid transit train on our hemisphere. This train served millions of visitors to Expo '67 in Montreal last summer. The 16mm color-sound film is 21 minutes long and available free on request. Write to Association Films, Inc., 600 Grand Ave., Ridgefield, N.J. 07657, or Public Relations Dept., Hawker Siddeley Canada Ltd., P.O. Box 160, Montreal 3, Que., Canada.

Ink drawings of old steam engines by John Logan, 26x9", are available at $2 for a set of four from Westports World Art and Gift Shop, Studio 8-19T, 606 Post Rd., Westport, Conn. 06880.

Fans interested in public and employees timetables are requested to write to Ed Gardner, 22 Garden Avenue, Mountain Top, Pa., 18707, for free folder on the National Association of Timetable Collectors. An illustrated article "Collecting Railroad Timetables" is available at $1 per copy.

Museum Department

Our assistant editor, Constance J. Card, recently visited the Boothbay Railway Museum on Rte. 27 in Boothbay, Maine, and was impressed with the hospitality extended by owner and engineer George H. McEvoy, who took her for a cab ride in his 1913 narrow-gage German engine. He said the operation began only 4 years ago when he bought this loco through a notice printed in *Railroad Magazine* and had her shipped from West Germany. He laid two-foot gage track around 30 acres and acquired a small industrial diesel engine and a Crown midget steamer to pull his coach and open gondolas when needed. High bidding got him two large stations, one dating back to 1861, which now house his growing collection of railroadiana. During the first two years of his project George lived in his ol

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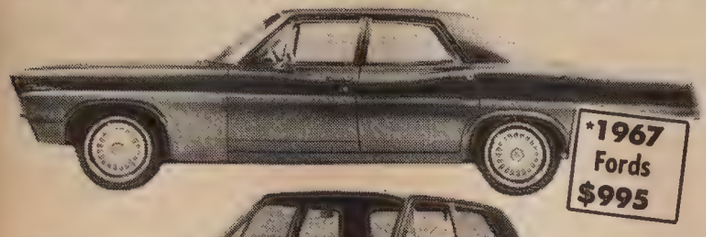

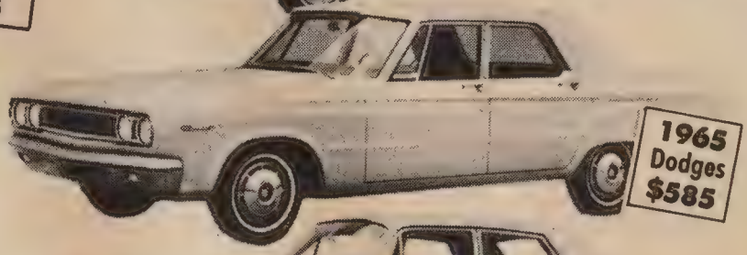

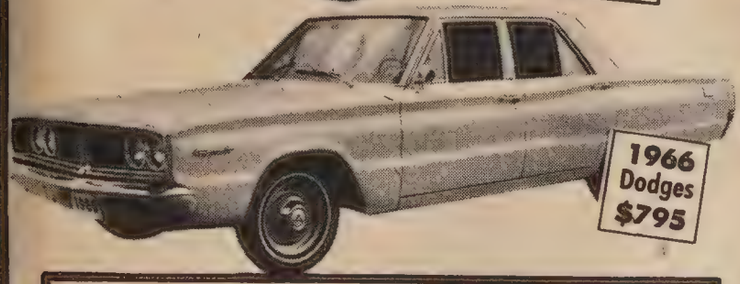

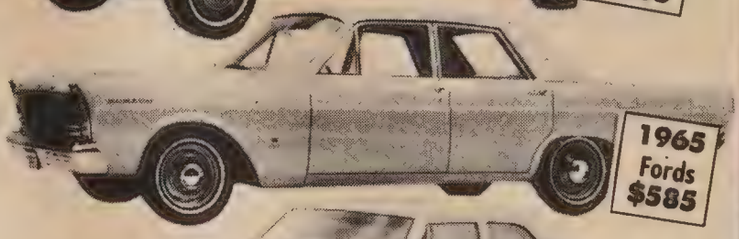

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Maine Central caboose. This is now open to public inspection.

Noticing some fellows engaged in maintenance work, Connie asked about them. "They're Maine Central men who spend spare time helping out here," George said. The New York girl was pleasantly surprised to learn of the museum's success; even before the 1967 summer season ended it had attracted nearly 30,000 visitors. But it's closed now and won't reopen until next spring.

Haas Museum of the St. Petersburg (Fla.) Historical Society, 3511 Second Ave. South, has a Seaboard caboose fully equipped plus many old railroad photos, reports Robert K. Mason, 6204 Central Ave., Tampa, Fla. 33604. Nearby is a replica of an 1880 railroad station equipped with ticket office from an Atlantic Coast Line depot. There is also an operating Lionel-type model railroad in this building, plus old railroad books and photos.

Over in Tampa at 39th Street and Adamo Drive at the ACL offices, there is an 2-6-2 loco on display. You can still ride from Tampa to St. Petersburg by train—a trip of several hours around the top of Tampa Bay. Another interesting trip is from Venice to Tampa and return—about 7 hours behind a doodlebug hauling a coach and sleeper—but it may be discontinued soon because of the Seaboard-ACL merger.

Bob tells us that he is gathering material for an article on Tampa and St. Petersburg trolleys and wants to buy or trade pix or info. on those lines.

The Pennsylvania State Bureau of Museums has announced plans to build a $1 million railroad museum on a seven-acre site in Strasburg. This will be one of the most unusual facilities of its type in the nation, with a building larger than a football field housing steam locomotives and other railroad equipment. It is to show the evolution of railroading.

The main building will be 40x200 feet, with a 30-foot ceiling. It will contain overhead platforms for viewing from above, and under-the-floor ramps so that visitors can see the underside of locomotive machinery.

Many railroad museums do not give visitors a good view of the equipment on display either because of crowding or because of poor viewing sites. The Strasburg Museum will have sufficient room for perspective and special vantage points for viewing.

There will be a turntable at the end of the building. Seven tracks extend from the turntable toward the display area. Five will enter the building; two will parallel the structure on the outside. Another track will connect the turntable with the Strasburg Rail Road which interchanges with the Pennsy. Rolling stock can easily be shipped to the site from anywhere in the country. Some equipment for display is now on hand at the Strasburg terminal.

Answering a reader's query: "patches" of about 20 railroads in authentic colors may be had for 50¢ each from Walter E. Mooney of the service department of Tennessee Valley Railroad Museum, 1006 Hibbler Circle, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37412. Specify which ones you want. The museum also sells engineer caps and steam, diesel, and trolley picture postcards, tie bars, tie pins, large color photo of engine 4501, and other items. List available for self-addressed stamped envelope.

The Railway Preservation Society of Ireland seeks new members to support its ambitious plans to acquire, maintain, and operate Irish steam locos and other equipment. The Society already owns 3 operable locos. Annual adult membership at $3 brings a semi-annual illustrated journal. Contact J. Richardson, 50 Ormiston Crescent, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland.

CP Steamers Gone

"If you had any hopes of acquiring an old Canadian Pacific steam locomotive for your private estate, a public park or any other reason . . . sorry, but we're all sold out," says the CP management.

The last 3 available steamers went to the National Museum of Science and Technology at Ottawa—No. 3100 from Weston shops at Winnipeg and Nos. 1201 and 2858 from Angus shops at Montreal.

The process of technological change, which began with the purchase of the company's first diesel-electric loco in 1937 and culminated with complete disappearance of steam power, has come the full circle. CP now has no more steamers to sell or give away.

The last run of a CP steam engine in train service was made by No. 29 between Montreal and St. Lin, Que., on Nov. 6, 1960, one day before the 75th anniversary of the driving of the last spike at Craigellachie, B.C.

The last 3 locos were: No. 1201, a Pacific type, class G-5-a, completed at Angus shops in June, 1944. She was the last of more than 1000 steamers built by Canadian Pacific over a 61-year period in its own shop facilities in Montreal. During her career she totaled 1,109,483 miles in service and was one of 102 of the same design or class.

No. 2858 was built to Canadian Pacific designs by Montreal Locomotive Works and was outshopped in August, 1938. A heavy locomotive, weighing, in working order, some 648,500 pounds,

(*Continued on page* 59)

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(R. W. Beamish, New York)

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(Mrs. R. J. Boneff, Jr., Calif.)

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- Age no barrier
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Thousands of Fantastic Imports at Rock Bottom Prices Put You in Big Money Home Business. No Experience or Product Investment Needed. My Plan Starts You Fast!

Now you can make your dream of a part time, steady profit home business really come true. I have made this very same dream a reality for hundreds of successful men and women. If you have ability and are able to follow my Plan, why not you, too? I'll show you how to cash in... as I reveal the very same secrets of Import/Export that have made a fortune for me. I'll show you how to make your first Import transaction *immediately*... pocket profits even before ordering merchandise. My Plan gives you hundreds of overseas suppliers... offering thousands of exciting imports priced below wholesale. Bargains like these go fast to stores, premium users, mail order, friends, others. You deal direct–keep *all* the profits. Start now to big cash profits in this booming field... wide open to beginners. Mail coupon for FREE BOOK, "How to Import and Export." ***Airmail reaches me overnight!***

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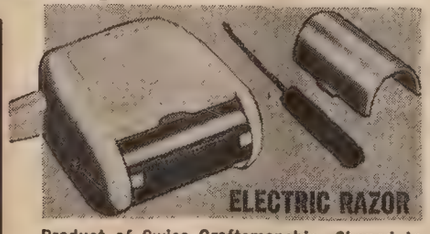
Transmits, receives. Transistorized. Fits in shirt pocket. Telescoping antenna extends for more distant reception. Ideal for sportsmen, construction, etc. **$3.25**

"The first two days netted me the following sales, 28 beaded and emb. sweaters, 15 orders for perfume, 8 orders for jewelry. Net profit for two days, $389.70."
(Mr. & Mrs. Theodore Welds, Oregon)



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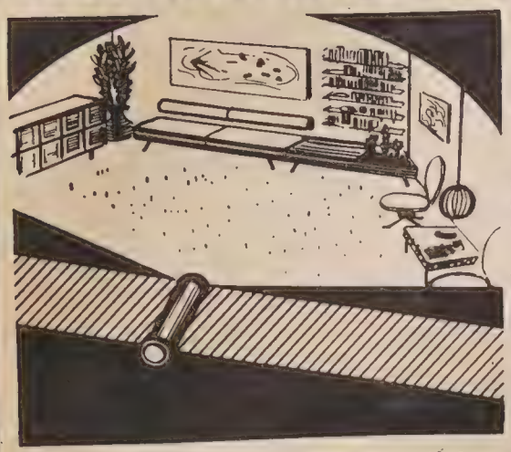

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ONE WAY GLASS *(no one can see your way!)*

only this much shows in wall

Actual size. Will expand to fit any wall!

made in Spain

This is a little optical gem, made in Spain for use by Interpol, the internationa' police organization. It holds a set of remarkable new machined wide-angle lenses that give you a full 172° vision. When you consider that 180° is perfect, then you realize what a masterful optic this is. Only as round as your finger (tucks into pocket easily), it is ½" across, telescopes out from 1" to 5" which fits most walls today. Police use it for investigative purposes (it was discovered in one room as the "eye" in an old master painting). You can install it in your door, in department stores, offices, warehouses, anyplace (think) you want to watch an entire (top, bottom and sides) area unobserved. Quite a gadget—just one shipment available. Each only $8.95.

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Left: "Revolutionary War howitzer, 5".

Right: Civil War naval cannon on brass-wheeled "broadside" carriage, 5¼". Each $4.95; pair $7.95.

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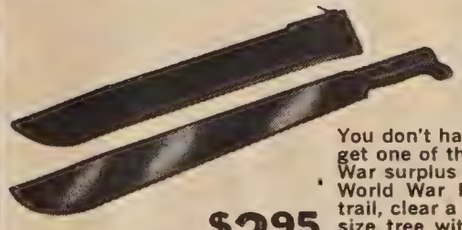
This is a gem, first made famous by World War II pilots who found it not only an absolutely accurate timepiece, but a piece of equipment more valuable than a boxful of instruments—and it still is. Whether you like to fly, or drive sports cars, record your average speed per mile, or time the number of beers consumed in an hour, this will do the job. All 5 hands are machine-calibrated in Switzerland where the complete works are neatly turned out in two different factories, then assembled in a third. It is shock-resistant, antimagnetic, has an unbreakable mainspring, big sweep second hand, luminous dial and hands, golden-finished die-cast case, and a leather strap. No matter how you look at it, that's a big hunk of watch for only $12.95 plus 65c postage and handling. And it's fully guaranteed for 1 year! In every way, a solid buy!



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ne is famous as a sister of the 4-6-4 ype which headed the Royal Train in 939 and logged an impressive 2,297,-92 miles in her lifetime.

No. 3100, a Northern type, was built n Angus shops and started service in ugust, 1928, on the night run between Montreal and Toronto. Later she worked between Medicine Hat and Maple Creek in freight service, still ater was turned into an oilburner and erved in freight between Winnipeg, Barberry and Broadview. Mileage accumulated was 2,682,109 through her ears of service.

At Ottawa, these locomotives joined ther railway artifacts in a permanent ransportation exhibit now being assemled by the National Museum of Science and Technology.

Rails in the Night

Come, drink the mystic wine of Night
Brimming with silence and the stars;
While earth, bathed in this holy light,
Is seen without its scars.

Thus Louis Untermeyer reflected upon he shadow world from dusk to dawn. When he wrote those words he didn't have in mind train 90 of the Chicago Great Western's Chicago District, but we recalled the four lines on a trip from Oelwein, Iowa, to the Windy City, reports an anonymous writer in the road's *Safety News.*

Between Oelwein and Stockton lies some of the most beautiful countryside in the Midwest, and seen from a darkened cab unit under a clear sky and full moon it becomes a wonderland of shadow and darkness.

The farmlands between Oelwein and Dundee are a broad band of black velvet, sparkled here and there with a cluster of light as farmhouses dot the night. Groves of trees lining the banks of streams meander into the right-of-way and disappear as we cross stream and the trees veer off on the opposite side of the train.

An illusion of extreme height and the hollow echo of the heavy diesel units on the bridge at Dundee lasts for a moment, but proves impressive. We leave Farley Hill behind and begin a twisting course through the Dubuque hills. The stars seem to be confused as they hurry from one side of the train to the other and then suddenly seem to follow the train from motors to caboose and back as uncounted circles are described in our valley path through the hills.

Preceded by a half dozen very frightened raccoons, we head into Winston tunnel, and an illusion of light we've never quite experienced takes place. It's rather like driving into a cone-shaped drinking cup with your bright lights turned on, but you don't quite get to the other end. Then in the midst of all the light a dark spot begins to grow until you reach the eastern portal.

The down grade beyond the tunnel is winding back and forth before the Mars light and we are distracted by a string of jewel-like illumination that marks the location of the Iowa River town of Bellevue.

The panorama of trees and now-darkened farm buildings continues, broken by occasional fleeting glimpses of an auto on some nocturnal mission and the hamlets and towns along the route. As morning nears, the darkened sky begins to streak with fuzzy fingers of gray and then red.

The gray-eyed morn
Smiles on the frowning night.

Nelson Blount Is Dead

Sadly we report the death of F. Nelson Blount, owner of Edaville two-footgage Railroad and part owner of Ocean Spray Cranberry Spray Corp., both in Massachusetts. Nelson, who was an airplane pilot, died in a crash of his private plane while trying to land in a field at Chesham, near his home in Dublin, N.H., and smashed into a tree on September first. Freeman Hubbard, editor of *Railroad Magazine,* had just received a letter which he wrote three days before his death.

Nelson was the founder of Steamtown, U.S.A., a museum with about 60 steam locomotives, now located in Bellows Falls, Vt. He bought an abandoned roundhouse from the Boston & Maine and began excursion trips from North Walpole, N.H., to Sunapee. He later relocated the museum in Keene, N.H., returned to North Walpole five years ago and then moved to Bellow Falls this year, about three miles from North Walpole. Many thousands of railfans will miss him. Our June '67 issue featured his life story, written by Ron Ziel.

Walter Lucas: an Obituary

Death tapped Walter A. Lucas on the shoulder the other day. Walt was 73, a noted railroad historian, and probably the leading authority of his time on steam locomotives. He lived in Hawthorne, N.J. His collection of railroadiana comprised thousands of photos, mostly old steam power, largely taken by himself; also a huge railroad library, including at least six railroad history books of which he was the author, and 15 finely detailed miniature replicas of steam locos built long ago in Paterson, N.J. Walt once told us that he would eventually bequeath this material to the museum of the Paterson County Historical Society.

A former newspaperman, he spent 22 years with Simmons-Boardman Publishing Co., which put out numerous rail books and magazines, being on

(*Continued on page* 64)

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CITY ISLAND MONORAIL

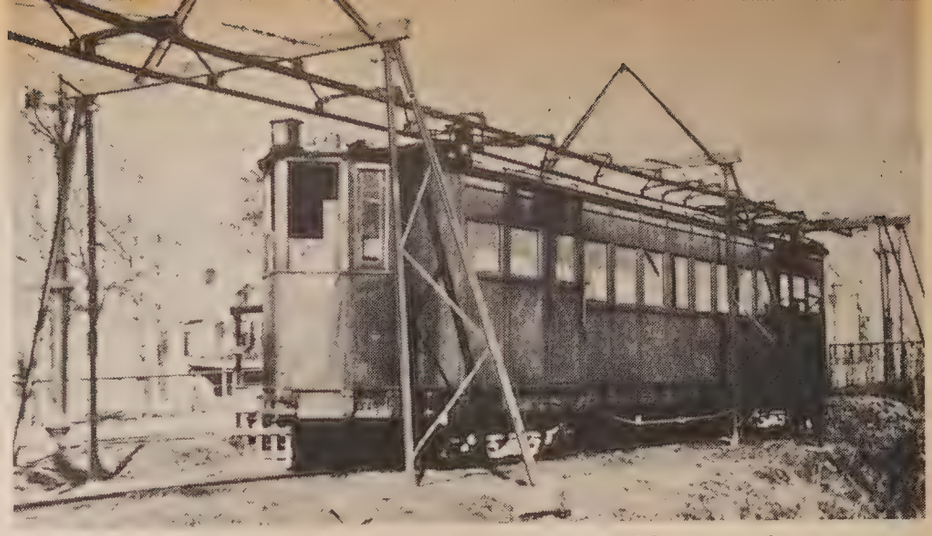
by ROGER ARCARA

A MONORAIL line once operated on City Island, in Pelham Bay just off the northeastern shore of the Borough of the Bronx in New York City.

Prior to World War I the shipbuilding community and rock-strewn sandy beaches there were accessible only to those willing to make a slow and complicated journey. The nearest railroad station was at Bartow on the Harlem River branch of the New York, New Haven & Hartford. This station, situated about a mile and a half from the Bronx shore, afforded connections to New Rochelle, N.Y., or to Manhattan via a transfer to the Second or Third Avenue elevated line. At Bartow the traveler going to City Island transferred to horse and carriage, crossing the wooden bridge erected in 1873.

The journey was not simplified much when horsecars began operating on a 42″ gage line from Bartow to the island in 1887. To justify charging two fares for a through ride, the owners established the line as two separate companies: The Pelham Park Railroad, which ran between Bartow and the bridge, and the City Island Railroad, which crossed the bridge, ran out onto Main Street (now City Island Avenue), and eventually went as far as Beldon's Point at the outer end of the island. The cars, which the Pelham Park company provided for both lines, ran on a single track and passing sidings, with rail weighing 30 pounds a yard.

So matters stood in 1907 when August P. Belmont, financier of New York's original Interborough subway, visited an exposition which celebrated the 300th anniversary of Jamestown, Va. There he saw Howard Hansel Tunis display a prototype of an electric railway car operating on a single rail laid on the ground. This monorail evidently was based on earlier designs of a Dr. Boynton, who had demonstrated his "bicycle railways" first at Coney Island with steam locomotion and later at Patchogue, N.Y., with electric traction. A light overhead framework guided Tunis' cars and held them upright while at rest. When in motion, they remained upright by the same principle that prevents a moving bicycle and its rider from tipping over.



Pelham Park Railroad's only monorail car, shown with supporting structure.
All photos from collection of author, 2405 Marion Ave., New York, N.Y.

Mr. Belmont may have thought he saw a future in monorail transit or he may simply have been in an experimental mood. In any case, the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, in which he was still financially involved, had gained control of both the Pelham Park and the City Island Railroads in 1903. The tycoon had a monorail construction company incorporated and on December 3rd, 1908, the New York State Public Service Commission granted permission to substitute a Tunis single-rail system for the horsecar lines.

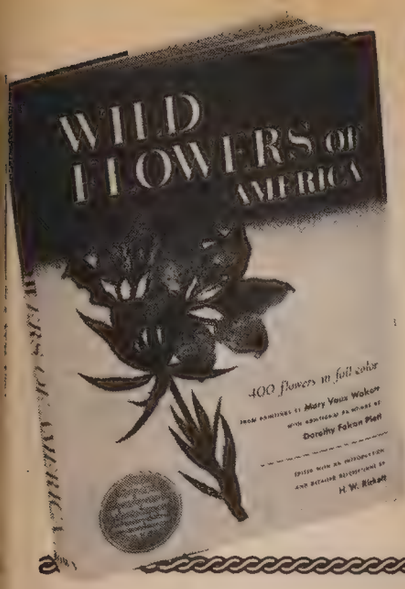
Plans called for a single rail laid on wooden stringers on a concrete roadbed, with a slender inverted track above, consisting of two rails suspended from a series of A-shaped iron frames secured by bolts to concrete foundations.

Work began in the autumn of 1909, but because of inadequate financing almost nothing was done until about two months before the city franchise was due to expire on July 4, 1910. Then the work was rushed to completion, but with dangerous short-cuts substituted for the original plans. For example, the A-frames were merely spiked to long wooden crossties, and the rail was laid on an earthen fill instead of the specified concrete foundation.

As it turned out, the only portion of the monorail line ever built was that between Bartow and the City Island bridge. The extension out to the island never materialized.

The only car ever built for the line was a streamlined, double-ended, steel coach, painted yellow, with "Pelham Park & City Island" lettered in green above the windows and "Monoroad" below. A pair of two-wheeled trucks

Pictures show monorail car which seated only 50, but which, at the time of its wreck (right) was stuffed with over 100 people.



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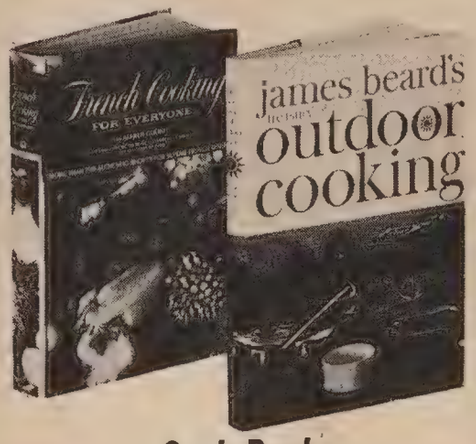

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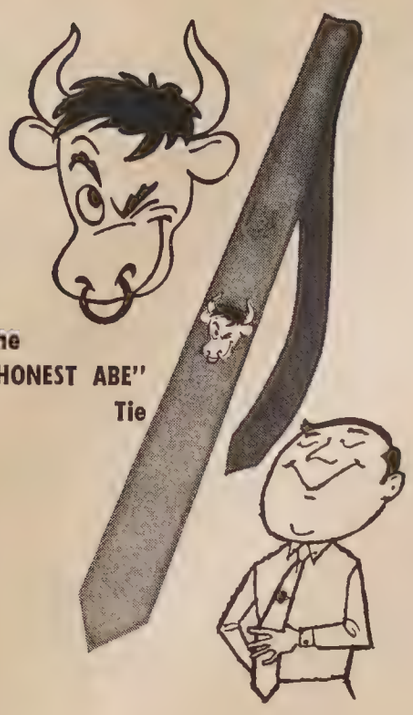

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with double-flanged wheels, each with its own electric motor, supported the car. Two scissors-like frames on the roof carried horizontal grooved rollers which fitted the overhead track and picked up the electric current. There were 40 or 50 seats for passengers, and sliding doors which opened at floor level station platforms. Each end was tapered, much like a steamship's prow, to reduce air resistance, for this was intended to be a high-speed operation.

Despite a ten-day franchise extension, the monorail was not quite ready for operation when the deadline came. So, to retain the permit, the road carried a few passengers on irregular, experimental runs. Finally, on July 16, 1910, the first serious attempt was made to run the Monoroad in conjunction with New Haven Railroad schedules at Bartow station.

As the northbound New Haven local arrived at Bartow at 2:16 p.m. several hundred passengers poured out and dashed toward the Monoroad and horsecars, eager to reach the bathing beaches as soon as possible. Inventor Tunis, at the controls of the monorail car, watched the immense crowd descending upon his novelty. After more than 100 people had jammed in, filling all available space, he yelled back to Superintendent A. Fred Aikens, who was acting as conductor, to shut the doors. Aikens did so, and gave the go-ahead signal. As Tunis moved his controller the car started off toward City Island.

The Monoroad had several gradual curves. Tunis recalled later that the car negotiated the first one at a slow speed and without trouble. He increased the speed to about 20 miles per hour and took the next curve in stride. But as the car reached the third curve it began to sway. Tunis shut off the current. The overloaded car, losing the inertia needed to keep it upright, tipped toward the inside of the curve, pulled loose from the overhead track, and struck against an A-frame, dragging the superstructure down with it. Inside the rocking coach, squashed and panicky passengers screamed with fear and pain.

Not knowing that the engineer in the line's nearby powerhouse had seen the car topple and shut off the electric power, Aikens, in the fallen car, feared that escaping passengers might be hit by the shaky overhead structure, still alive with current. So he closed and locked the doors, holding the terrified, suffocating, and injured passengers literally one on top of the other within the car. At last two men broke some windows and the riders, sand and surf forgotten, crawled out.

At the investigation, the wreck was traced to flimsy construction of the superstructure and the lack of solid foundations. So repairs were made.

About four months later, on November 14th, the monorail was restored to service, with overcrowding prohibited and with speed restricted to 15 miles per hour, a far cry from the mile-a-minute rate envisioned by its inventor. There is no record of further mishaps. The car shuttled back and forth for several years between Bartow station and the City Island bridge, where passengers transferred to horsecars. On May 10, 1913, the two companies were reorganized as the Pelham Park & City Island Railroad Company.

Then, in March of 1914 the monorail franchise was revoked in favor of what appeared to be a safer and more economical form of transportation. The horsecar tracks and monorail roadbed were converted to a standard-gage two-rail operation. Thereafter the monorail powerhouse was used as a charging station for twelve electric storage-battery cars brought up from Manhattan's Belt Line. This equipment was placed in service between Bartow and Belden's Point, permanently retiring the City Island horsecars on August 17, 1914.

The twelve newcomers were four-wheelers. They resembled small trolleys of the era but had storage-batteries under their seats to supply energy for the motors. They were not fast—in fact, scarcely exceeded a quick walking pace even when fully charged. But the monorail car's speed had been restricted to 15 mph, and the battery cars, running on a two-rail track, were considered safer.

During World War I, when a military camp was set up in Pelham Bay Park, the battery cars carried military personnel as well as throngs of bathers. After the war, competition from private automobiles and jitney-buses brought hard times for the PP&CI Railroad as well as for local service on the New Haven. The battery-car line was abandoned in 1919, leaving jitney-bus service as the only public transit to and from City Island.

Traces of the old monorail route may still be seen, particularly near the site of the wreck. Each year's erosion and overgrowth of weeds, however, make the route less distinct. The day is not far off when the last signs of this disappointing yet interesting experiment will have disappeared.

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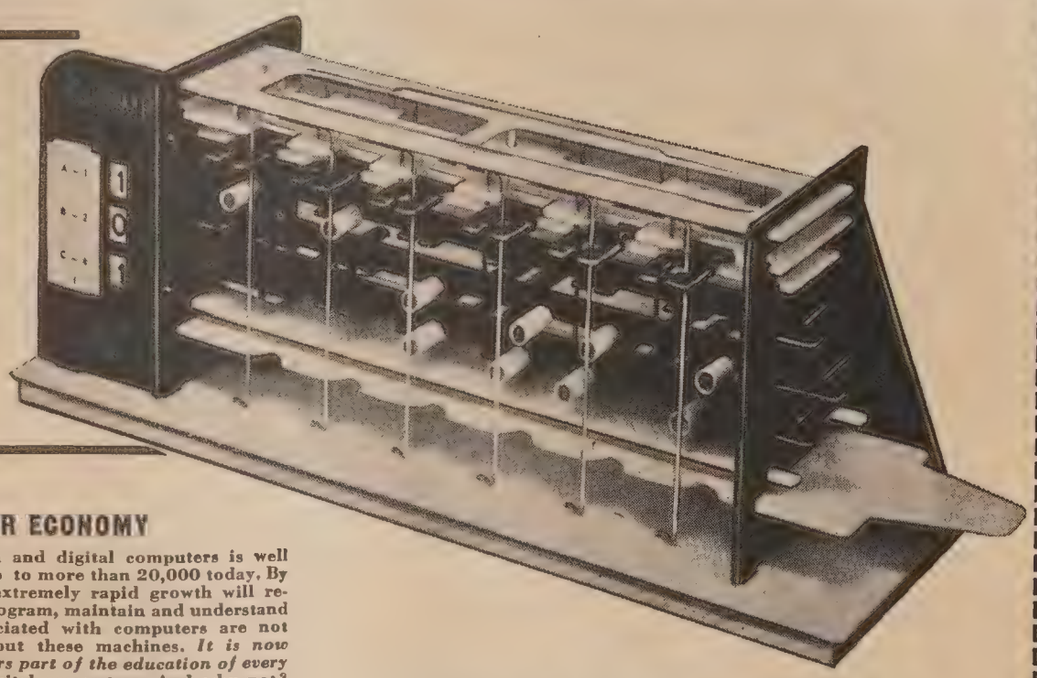

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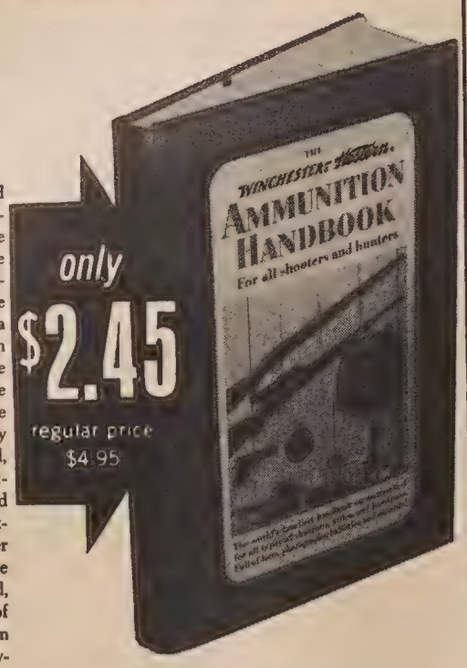

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the *Railway Age* staff and later managing editor of the *Locomotive Cyclopedia* and the *Car Builders' Cyclopedia*. Over the years he wrote historical articles for *Railroad Magazine* and other publications. We often called upon him for data and pictures and each time he generously responded. One day when Walt decided to quit his Simmons-Boardman position we hired him as associate editor of *Railroad Magazine*. Learning of this, Simmons-Boardman upped his salary and so he stayed on the job at 30 Church St., New York City.

Walt's interest in railroading began as a youth working on a Susquehanna Railroad track gang. Later he did drafting and engineering work for the Canadian Pacific. He was a leader in the group of serious-minded railfans who seceded long ago from the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society and founded a rival organization, the Railroadians of America. The latter publish hard-cover books, have run many excursions, and are still active.

Steam in Europe

After visiting Europe and riding the rails most of the time he was there, Pete Jensen, Box 259, Montclair, N.J. 07042, writes: "I visited a land where trolleys clanged in front of huge railway stations thronged with passengers, where you could stand on depot platforms and see four 4-6-2's lined up side by side, ready to pull out with named expresses, where steam-powered commuter trains pounded out of town on two-minute headways, and where you could observe narrow-gage junctions in mid-morning with 3-way Mallet-powered meets.

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"*France:* Hundreds of U.S.-built 2-8-2's, passenger and freight. Three Mikes had, I believe, Europe's loudest stack noise. Other handsome French engines were 4-6-2's and home-built 2-8-2's, with smoke deflectors. A good place to view them was Nevres, where I counted 30 live U.S. steamers in a vast roundhouse. But to see intensive steam action, the St. Lazare station in Paris probably beats all other spots in Europe. Posting myself at the first stop north of St. Lazare at 5 p.m., I was thrilled to watch a constant parade of suburban push-pulls powered by 2-8-2T's, with an occasional 4-6-2 racing by on the outside main. Slim-gage steam was represented by two lines. One, the Po Correnze in central France, ran railcars, but the daily mixed train had a superb 0-4-4-0T Mallet on the smoky end. The other system, in Brittany, likewise operated railcars for passengers while 0-6-6-0T Mallets and 4-6-0T's worked its freight.

"*West Germany* was western Europe's biggest mass concentration of steam: 2-10-2's, ten-wheelers, big Pacifics, 2-8-0's, etc. Kassel was an ideal place to see steam in action, including a pair of streamlined 4-6-2's built in the mid-fifties. I enjoyed exploring a pusher district between Trier and Koblenz with Decapods on ore trains. Trolleys and interurbans ran all over the region. There are narrow-gage lines, too, but usually diesel-operated.

"*Spain* had a main line where great green 4-8-4's and 4-8-2's with chime whistles roared day and night through dry arid mountains. Some U.S.-built 2-8-2's and a few old Brooks 4-6-2's were still busy. In Seville I spotted the rarest of the rare, a real operating steam railcar! Spain's narrow-gage lines are pretty much dieselized.

"*Austria* had quite a bit of steam-powered narrow-gage, mainly 0-6-2T's, along with such interesting standard-gage types as a Camelback 2-4-2T whose rear end served as a luggage carrier. One private line still had a 4-4-0 in passenger service. *Denmark's* system is small; service is frequent. When I was there, it had only about two dozen steamers, but what steamers! Four-cylinder compound 4-6-2's, trim 2-6-4T's, an 8-wheeler in freight service, and the only 4-4-2 (used on a work train) that I know of operating anywhere.

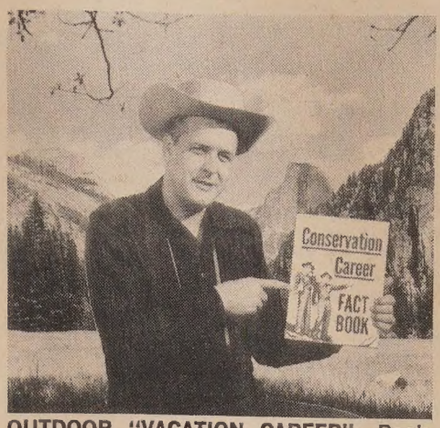
"*Portugal* had well maintained steam, with an extensive steam narrow-gage system. One narrow-gage suburban line out of Oporto was double-tracked, with Mallets running 15 minutes apart! *Yugoslavia* had many types of steamers, including American wartime Consolidations and (used as station switchers at Belgrade) ex-U.S. Army 0-6-0T's.

"On European railways I found the employes friendly. As a rule, you didn't need official permission to enter engine terminals so long as you were safety-conscious and didn't interfere with operations. Even cab rides could be arranged on the spot in Spain and Denmark. Generally, passenger service was far more frequent than on our side of the Atlantic, except for France, which is cutting down on branch lines."

men's mart

All products shown here may be obtained directly from indicated sources. Send check or money order with your order. Manufacturer will refund full purchase price on prompt return of unused, non-personalized lines. This department is not composed of paid advertising.

PERSONALIZED EYEGLASS HOLSTER. Keeps glasses handy. No bulging pockets. Designed for easy in and out removal. Made of rich leather-grained Plast-O-Hide for long wear. Slides conveniently onto belt. Lined inside to protect and clean lenses. Monogrammed with 3 initials in gold $1.98, 2 for $3.50, ppd. Crescent House, 135 Central Pk. Rd. Ave, Plainview, L.I., NY 11803.



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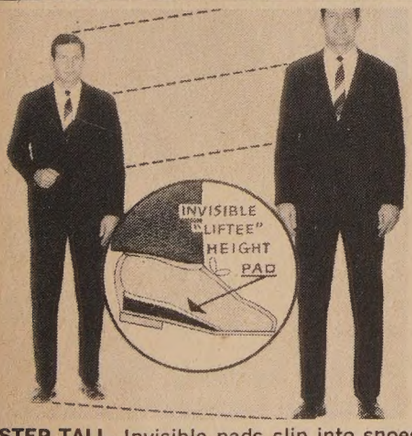

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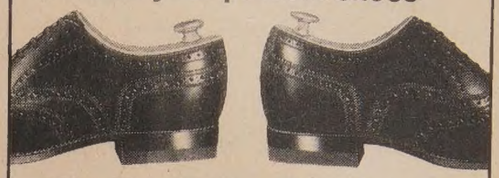

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The Switch List

THESE items are published free and in good faith, without guarantee. Keep within 28 words, including name and address. Use zip code. We won't run an entry if it is hard to read.

Do not omit St., Ave., etc., in your address. Use abbreviation such as *tts.* (timetables), *empt. tts* (employes timetables), and *SSE* (send 5¢ stamped envelope for list or details).

A tight schedule compels us to close the *Switch List* long before publication date. As this magazine hits the news stands Jan. department is closed. Entries for Feb. issue should reach us before Nov. 6th. Address Sy Reich, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

M.W. ABBOTT, 33 Driftwood Lane, Milford, Conn. 06460, buys annual passes of Colo. and Conn. roads.

PAT BARRY, 14205 Michigan, Riverdale, Ill., wants negs. and pix of steam on Chicago & Eastern Illinois.

JOHN BARTUNEK, 3535 Park Ave., Brookfield, Ill. 60513, wants pix or 25¢ slides of steam on CB&Q, Pennsy, disbanded Rutland.

Pfc. R.W. BEE, 2260058, H&MS-14, MAG-14, Group Supply 2nd MAW, MCAS, FMFLANT, Cherry Point, N.C. 28533, needs data, tts., pix of all NYC equipment used 1945-'65, esp. station at Hyde Park. Will trade b&w 3x5's.

H.F. BOONE, 2424 S.W. 79th St., Oklahoma City, Okla. 73159, wants pix, diagrams, etc., of 0-4-0T's used on Kiso Forest Ry. in Japan.

JOHN BREMER, 2519 Northdale, Coon Rapids, Minn 55433, wants pix of CNW diesel switchers 1009, 1012, 1013.

W. BROSCHART, 89-32 138 St., Jamaica, N.Y. 11435, selling negs., photos, tts. etc., of rrs.. trolleys, buses, steamship ferries, airplanes. Wants negs. and photos of transit in NY City and NJ area, 1920's, '30's.

DAN BROSEY, 107 Crestmont St., Reading, Pa. 19602, will buy action photos of GM&N 425, GM&O 580, LE 2 (alf same 4-6-2).

RAY BUNTING, Rte. 1, Box 125, Milford, Dela., wishes pic of Pennsy trains in lower Dela. during World War II.

E. CAPPON, 3238 Elwood, Grandville, Mich. 49418, buys 35mm 2¼" slides AT&SF 3460's (4-6-4), 3765, 3185, 2900 (4-8-4's), SD40-45 in action only.

CLARENCE CARLSON, 322 Madison S., Hopkins, Minn. 55343, selling old tts., rail books, other railroadiana. State your wants. Will buy Nov. '39 Railroad Magazine.

JOHN CLINE, 1217 Stark St., Wausau, Wis. 54401, will buy, trade, or borrow Oct. '32, Nov. '39, Feb.—Mar. '51 Railroad. Will trade emp. tts. or tts for wreck pix, esp. steam, and Milw. Road steam.

GREG COX, 7 Bullard Ave., Holyoke, Mass. 01040, wants info., pix, tts., emp tts. on past and present B&M, StJ&LC, H&BTM, PS&N.

RAY DESCHENES, 903 Mohawk Rd. E., Hamilton, Ont., Canada, will trade Canadian railroadiana, steam photos from extensive collection, and custom-built HO locos for Japanese samuri swords and sword furnishings.

PAUL DOUGLAS, 2012 Broadway. Vancouver, Wash. 98663, has Railroad Magazine and Trains, complete sets to sell to top bidder.

MARK ENGLEBRETSON, 250 10th St. S.E., Huron, S.D. 57350, wants any rr. memorabilia.

C. V. GARDNER, Rte. 1, Smithton, Mo., trades railroad switch keys, doesn't buy or sell.

ED GARDNER, 22 Garden Ave., Mountain Top, Pa. 18707, wants tts. of Pgh & West Va., also pix of pass. trains on same road, and trolley tts. send lists.

TED GAY, 6 Northview Dr., Morris Plains, N.J., has 35mm origs. for sale of logging and industrial roads. Also other roads, mostly steam. No lists. State wants. (SSE)

GLENN GIERZYCKI, 2936 E. Crawford Ave., St. Francis, Wis. 53207, wants info., pix, rosters, maps, tts. from existing and abandoned Wis. shortlines.

PETER GOETZ, 111 Riverview Pkwy. S., Rome, N.Y. 13440, will buy tts., emp. tts., pix, booklets, etc., on Adirondack shortlines and NYC Adirondack Div.

W. GORDON, 811 Garson Ave., Rochester, N.Y. 14609, will sell Hammondsport roster, 90 photos of Kanoa & Prattsburg, 60 photos of Penn Yan trolley and steamboats; Keuka Lake book, 440 pix.

WADE HALL, 715 N. 70 St., Seattle, Wash. 98103, wants Off. Guide 1915, '16 or '17. Answers all mail.

DAVE HAMLEY, 121 LaCrosse St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15218, wants many types of internal-combustion loco builder's plates. Has steam and diesel plates to trade.

GRAHAME HARDY, Box 622, Carson City, Nev. 80701, buys, sells railroadiana Americana, Western, etc. Auction sales by mail; you state price. Specify your interest. Big list 10¢.

JAMES HARPER, 5436 N. 20 St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53209, will sell Trolley Sparks, Interurbans, Marker, trolley pix, etc. (New list, SSE)

KEN HOJNACKI, 146½ Perrine St., Auburn, N.Y. 13021, will buy or trade NYO&W tts., tickets, passes, buttons, stock certs., pix, size 40 condr.'s uniform and hat.

AL HUDSON, 1505C Montclair Rd., Birmingham, Ala. 35210, wants pix or any info on Pullman Car "Central Park" that ran on the 20th Century Limited. (Ed. note: See Books of the Rails, page 50)

CLIFTON HULL, 203 E. 16th St., North Little Rock, Ark. 72114, sell book "Nature's Romance Over the Loop," book of photos of railroad Denver to Georgetown, 1900 date; other Colo. material.

J.O.B. JOHNSON, 5712 Caldwell Dr., Waco, Texas 76710, collects steam builders badges. Will buy Rome Loco Works T&P Marshall shop badges. Also wants San Antonio & Arkansas pix.

WILSON JONES, 105 Fairmount Ave., Hackensack, N.J. 07601, collects pass. train photos, steam diesel; needs Erie. Prefers trading, 5x7 or 8x10.

ARNOLD JOSEPH, 2512 Tratman Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10461, sells old Railroad Magazines, Trains, etc. Buys collections of same, good cond.

GLEN KIDDER, R.D. 1, Acton, Mass. 01720, will sell "Boston, Concord, & Montreal RR," Caswell (1919); Railroad Magazine (1956-'58), Trains (1958, '62-'63), and ship and rr. stereoscopic view cards. (SSE)

LAWRENCE KISS, 40 Rugby Rd., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11226, sells track maps of lines in New York Metropolitan Area. (SSE)

STAN KISTLER, Box 4068, Pasadena, Calif. 91106, sells by auction surplus photos, slides, negs. and books on Far Western roads, steam diesel, juice. (SSE)

JOHN KOEHLER, 1646 E. Newton Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53211, wants '55, '56, or '57 Off. Guide, any month. State cond., price.

C. KOWAL, 6615 S. Bell Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60636, offers assorted back issues Railroad Magazine, some from 1915. (SSE)

HARLAN LANE, Rt. 2, Gravely Rd., Kingsport, Tenn. 37660, will sell 8 mm rr. movies and recordings at ½ off list price. (SSE)

CARL LARSON, 24 Forest Ave., Caldwell, N.J. 07006, will buy 1909 Car Dict.; 1909, '12, '38, '50 Loco. Cyclo.; 1908 Signal Dict.; 1911 Elec. Ry. Dict.; 1921 Mat. Handling Cyclo.

KEVIN LEAHY, 411 S. Malnut St., Arlington Heights, Ill. 60005, wants UP, C&NW, CMStP&P tts., 35mm b&w or color slides, diesel, turbine, or steam.

OWEN LEANDER, 127 Wildwood Rd., Elk Grove, Ill. 60007, sells slides and negs. of CNW, Milw., E-L, B&O, EJ&E, RI, GN, NP, etc.; also steam negs.

RALPH LEIGHTON, 17 Lincoln St., Exeter, N.H. 03833, wants slides, negs. or pix of non-Boston trolley-buses. Has for sale or trade pictures, etc., of Boston subways, PCC's, trolley buses, etc. (SSE)

DON LEWIS, 7 Charles Rd., Winchester, Mass. 01890, will sell one copy of "Backwoods Railroads of West," by R. Steinheimer. (SSE)

R. N. MANSLEY, 7722 Loretto Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19111, buys Reading-Jersey Central or Reading mags. Single issues or collections.

ALDEN MILLER, 3212 34th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. 55406, wants tts., 1850-1950.

DON MURPHY, 2906 201st St., Bayside, N.Y. 11360, wants Pennsy diesel roster.

BILL MYERS, 50-31 Newtown Rd., Woodside, N.Y. 11377, will buy, sell, or trade any photos or slides of trackless trolleys, U.S. or abroad.

ART NICHOLS, 946 Santa Clara Place, Los Alamos, N.M. 87544, collects tts, trades recent ones and buys some pre-1960. Will exchange lists.

W.R. OSBORNE, 1019 S.E. 12th Ave.. Deerfield Beach, Fla. 33441, sells pc size pix LMS Coronation Scot press run over B&O March 1939, 11 photos and history, $2.50 postpaid.

F. A. OSTHOFF, Box 74, Forestville, Conn. 06011, sells 20x30" chart of Hudson steam loco with 199 parts identified, $1 postpaid.

MAYER PEARLMAN, 141-11 78th Rd., Flushing, N.Y. 11367, will buy or trade pix of Monon passenger trains or diesels and Rio Grande Nos. 1 and 2 in Royal Gorge.

GLEESON PERRY, 714 Coggin Ave., Brownwood, Texas 76801, will sell booklet "My Old Iron Horse Has Passed and Gone," 36 pages $1.

J. E. PIPER, 1204 S. Duncan, Marion, Ill. 62959, sells pc size photos of C&EI, MP, other Midwest steam, ITC cars, other railroadiana.

GREG PULIS, 48 Church St., Ramsey N.J. 07446, wants to know location of any two-foot-gage equipment in U.S. or S. America, industrial or common carrier. Interested in Maine two-footers.

SS DAVE READ, Box 88, APO, New York, N.Y. 09194. sells British and other foreign rail and boat postcards and photos of British steam locos (mostly postcard size) on approval.

MARC RODDIN, 4021 Ave. I, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11210, offers H&M NYC Transit Authority, and MBTA tokens, 50¢ each.

H.N. SAUYER, 610 Empire Blvd., Rochester, N.Y. 14609, sells loco bell, brass lanterns, tts., emp. tts., switch locks, keys, books, photos, other railroadiana. (SSE)

J. SHAFER, 4359 Lafayette, Evansdale, Iowa 50707, want rr. photos, postcards, pencils, pins, buttons, letters, medals, fobs, passes, books, mags.

DICK SHORT, 2533 Rosewood Ave., Roslyn, Pa. 19001, sells size 616 negs., 35mm Kodachrome slides of Eastern diesels, trolleys.

LARRY SIMPSON, 26 Valley View Dr., Dayton, Ohio 45405, wants whistles from UP 4-8-8-4, DM& IR 2-8-8-4 N&W 2-8-8-2, UP 4-6-6-4, 4-8-4 PRR K-4, 11sa.

WALT SMITH, R.D. 1, Wilcox Hill Road, Conklin, N.Y. 13748, wants pix steam engines and trolleys in Wilkes-Barre and Scranton area; mine locos r.r. atlas of Pa. Will trade EL emp. tt, guide, etc.

R.C. SNAVELY, R.D. 1, Box 313, Hershey, Pa. 17033, will sell 5⅜" Kopp glass and 4¼" Dietz Vesta lantern globes. All clear, unmarked. (SSE).

R.P. STAIR, 315 W. Charles St., Champaign, Ill. 61820, seeks copies of ORT rail agreements containing list of towers, agencies, etc. Also collects emp. tts.

J. ALLAN STOKES, 3958 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90037, disposing of collection 8x10 photos: 200 steam locos, officials and builders; 32 cabooses, many diesels. Also some 4x7 pix of steam locos. List 15¢.

TED THOMPSON, Jr., 2006 Blaine St., Williamsport, Pa. 17701, wishes to hear from anyone selling train orders, emp. tts, rule-books, other railroadiana, especially from NYC, PRR, RDG, E-L. Send list of items. Also wants pen pals interested in such lines.

W.N. VAUGHAN, 1513 Kirkland Ave., Las Vegas, Nev. 89102, wants info. on mine roads and equipment, old copies of Keystone Catalog. Trades old SP, LA, and SL train orders, paperwork.

B.R. WHIPPLE, 20 Darrell Pl., San Francisco, Calif. 89102, wants clippings, pix, documents pertaining to FEC Ry. strike, esp. personal experiences of men involved.

BILL WHITE, 740 Margo Lane, Memphis, Tenn. 38122, will buy bound vols. of Trains, esp. 17, 18, and early vols.

T. G. WICKER, 317 Oakwood Ave., Sanford N.C. 27330, sells b&w steam prints of SOU, ACL, SAL, NS, N&W, shortlines. (SSE)

BOB WILSON, 12782 St. James Drive, Mantua, O. 44255, has for sale 10 sets of Tom Thumb loco prints, 17 prints to set, $4 a set.

VERN WISE, 960 Bobolink, Eugene, Ore. 97402, has magazine called Car, Cab, Caboose; one Railway Journal and Record of Road, July 15, 1884, to sell or trade good cond. (Ed. note: your handwriting was very hard to read.)

DOUG WORNOM, 454 Riverside Dr., New York, N.Y. 10027, buys tts. and emp. tts. dated 1875 thru 1935, annual passes pre-1910.

TED ZANCHA, 2219 N. Sawyer Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60747, your home town bus or trolley transfer for Chicago bus or L transfer. (Booklet, SSE)

Model Trading Post

GEO. LA PRAY, 3256 Blackstone Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55416, has Tyco CNW GP20 new, with orig. guarantee, MRC Golden Ampack. Wants old copies Railroad Magazine, collections of railroadiana etc.

ALDEN MILLER, 3212 34th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. 55406, wants AF wide-gage Pocahontas and Lone Scout pass. sets.

A.W. MULLER, 79-66 77 Ave., Glendale, N.Y. 11227, will sell in N.Y. area only: AF set, incl. 2 locos, 2 pass. cars, 8 freight cars, 2 switches, whistling station, 2 transf. tracks, 2 bridges, one tunnel, all $55. ●

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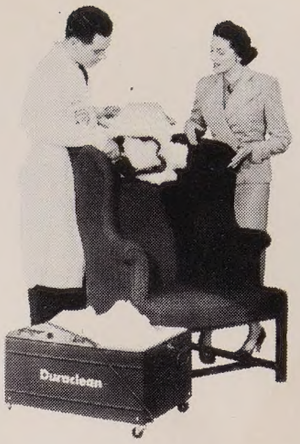

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Dealers operate from a shop, office, or their home. Equipment is portable...the electric Foam-ovator converts to a convenient carrying case.

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When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

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Government figures show service businesses growing faster than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. You have **5 other services.**

Space here will not permit describing your other services but they are fully explained in the free booklet we'll mail you. You have six opportunities for profit on every job.

A few hundred dollars establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than takes care of the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment.** If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life.**

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon TODAY.

Your Services Are Commended by

McCall's Magazine, Parents; American Research & Testing Laboratories...and by leading Carpet Mills & Furniture Makers

What Dealers Say:

Gerald Weihrauch: "Insurance job brought me $205.70 in single day. Another, $300".

Leo Barnett: "I started spare time and took in $140 in one night after supper. Now, full time, I can make as much in a week as I used to make in a month working for others".

Willis Tatro: "After two years of good profits we sold our business for five times the cost".

Arlin Rae: "I have work scheduled for three weeks in advance. I averaged $122 a day for the last ten days".

Blanche Blood: "Duraclean brought me security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as $3,000 on a single job".

Loren Farris: "Did the carpeting in a furniture store in less than 3 days for $400. Now get all their customer business".

Robert Wheeler: "The professional quality of Duraclean Service has earned the respect of carpet dealers and wholesalers. I've earned $117.50 in an eight hour day".

Wilmer Suders, Jr.: "Building steadily. Last month grossed $2,012. One job came to $752".

John Szymanski: "Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as $1,300 in a single week, as much as $2,700 on one job".

Ernest Shulda: "I never knew a company as eager as Duraclean to help their franchisees succeed".

R. Geisman: "Using the direct mail program we sold 10% on actual jobs. We also get a lot of referrals from happy customers".

Jerry Baker: "I don't know of any other business in which a man can make as much per hour".

Walter Parsons: "It would take a man years to build up the fame he gets automatically with the Duraclean name. It's a household word"

Resale Service

If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and to help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost. R.D.K., after 5 months, sold for $2,000 above his cost. L.L., after 30 months, got $7,116 more than he had paid. The **value** of your dealership and franchise **grows monthly.**

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With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

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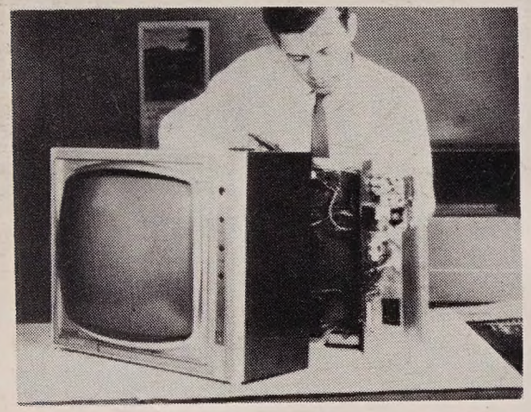

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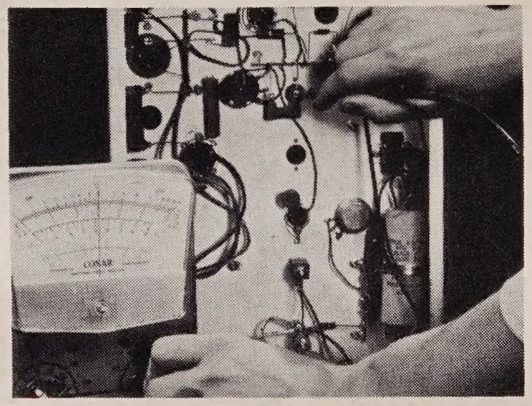

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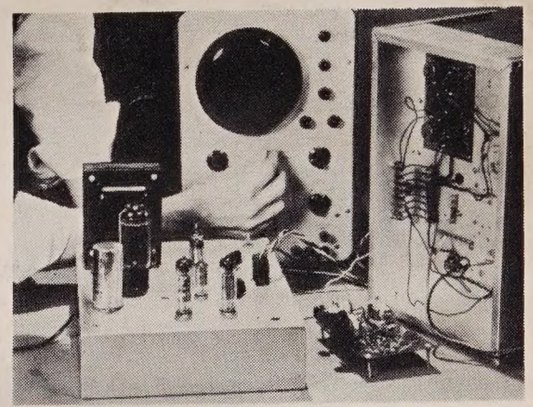

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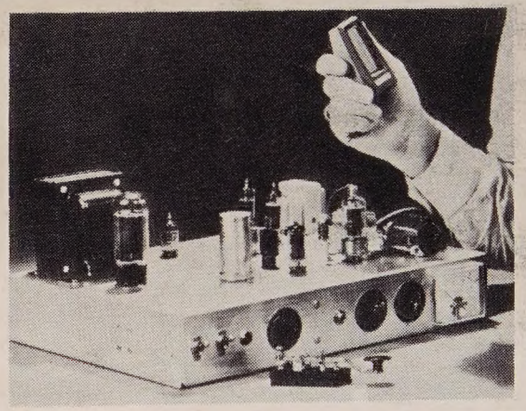

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A. R. TOWNSEND, Topeka, Kan., is a missile officer at Atlas ICBM site; fixes radio and TV sets spare time.

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